

OUR CHILDREN



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*“As arrows . . . so are children of the youth.
Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them.”*

OUR CHILDREN

Enlarged and adapted for India

Flora H. Williams

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FOREWORD

INTO the hands of parents is given a gigantic task, for on the training the child receives at home depends the result as seen in the man or woman produced. If the right kind of training is given, the child brings joy and happiness to his parents, to himself, and to the nation. If he is wrongly trained or not trained at all, he is almost sure to bring unhappiness and perhaps shame.

Parents who are awake to their responsibilities are always looking for help. They ask, "What shall I do with Promode? He will tell lies." Or maybe it is Pulanbhai who is the problem. "She plays around and wastes her time."

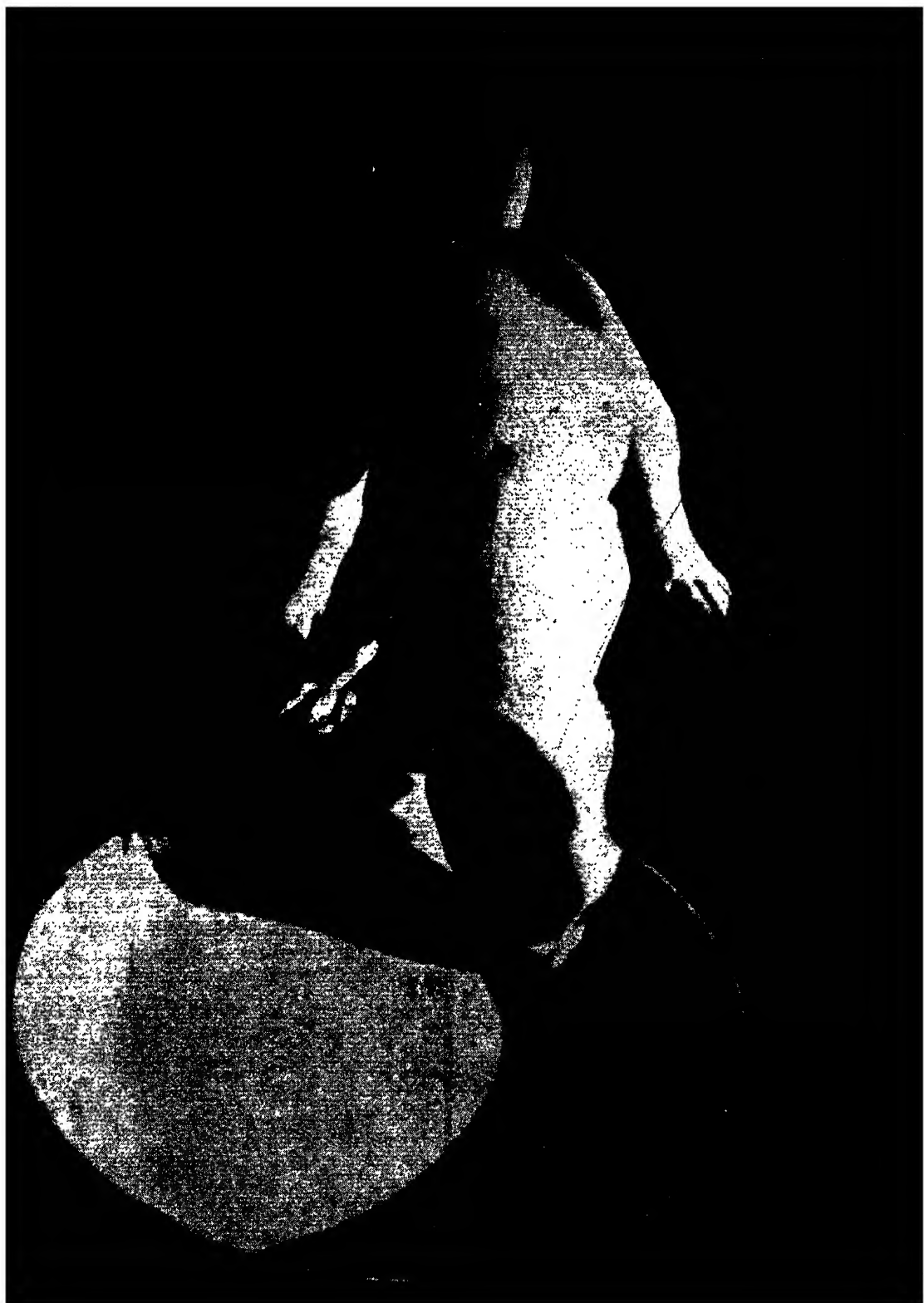
This book has been prepared to help to solve many of the problems of the parent and the teacher and also to provide stories for the children. It lays no claim to being exhaustive. Following each discussion are stories dealing with some phase of the same fault. For instance, in the chapter on "Falsehood or Imagination?" there is a story of a severe temptation to tell an untruth and the victory over the temptation. All children like stories, and if the story is properly told, they admire the hero or heroi and censure the one who does wrong.

We earnestly hope that this book may meet the purpose for which it has been written.—F. H. W.

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“’Tis education forms the common mind; just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined.”—Alexander Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle, line 149.



1ST CHAPTER

Obedience First

THE disobedient child is always a problem—a problem which must be solved if he is ever to achieve anything worth while. In babyhood and early childhood, the solution to the problem is a comparatively simple matter, but neglected until later, it proves to be very difficult.

Nature has so arranged that the human being is a child for a long time. The kitten is soon an adult cat; the puppy quickly becomes a grown-up dog. But it takes the baby a long time to grow up. Why was it so planned?—because the child, destined to live a longer life, needs a longer period of training before he has self-control and fitness to carry life's burdens successfully.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

The parent has a golden opportunity for training, but many times because of ignorance, weakness, or carelessness, the work is left to someone else; sometimes an ayah and usually the teacher when the child begins his school experience. The teacher with twenty-five or perhaps forty-five children like him, has a hard time; for he or she cannot teach unless pupils learn to obey. Neither can home be a happy, harmonious place unless all are amenable to law.

Children who are not led to see how universal is law, and how to obey

it, feel that if they "ever get big" they will certainly be glad, for then they "won't have to obey anybody." They only see what is to them the disagreeable side of obedience—the giving up of their own way. At their age it sometimes seems impossible to show them the beautiful, happy side of obedience because of their lack of experience. But by the parent and the teacher who think, who analyze their own experiences and through them teach the child, something may be accomplished, especially if the discipline is carried on from the child's birth.

Between some parents and their children there is constant antagonism. The same is true of some teachers and their pupils. This is far more likely to be true in those homes where the parents have waited too long before teaching their children to obey. Happy, oh, so happy that home where the children obey willingly, gladly, joyfully! And there are such homes. These are the homes where children confide in their parents, and are saved from many a fall because of their parents' longer experience. Father and mother have lived long enough to have tried out, or seen tried out, many courses of action, and the results; therefore they know whether these courses terminate satisfactorily or disastrously. We like that little lad who said, "I'll ask my pal about that," and ran to find his father. Returning a few minutes later, he said, "My pal said that wasn't a good idea; it might get us into trouble. We'd better listen to him too because he knows." Happy father and happy child! How many pitfalls will be missed by maintaining that attitude!

But what shall we do with the disobedient child? It is a happier task to help parents of young children than it is to help parents and teachers

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The
obedient
child is
a happy
child.



cure children who have formed the habit of being disobedient. Both must be done, but let us discuss the tiny child first.

OBEDIENCE IS A HABIT

Obedience is a habit. The child will form either the habit of obedience or of disobedience. We cannot say, "He's little yet, and doesn't understand;" or, "It's too much bother to try to do anything with him now," for he is forming habits, and we cannot put the matter off. Habits he *will form*—bad, if not good ones.

There are certain things that the child must be taught as soon as, or a little before, he is able to move himself from place to place. He must be taught not to touch certain things. As far as possible, things that can really injure him should be put out of his reach, but that is sometimes impossible, for the stove cannot be put on the top shelf. There are many things he should not touch because he would ruin them. Costly vases and things that may be classed with them should occupy places out of his reach.

But we are not at all sympathetic with that parent who thinks that everything that baby may not have must be put where he cannot get it. There is no good reason why the bottom shelves of the bookcase should be emptied. Baby should be taught not to touch the books, and until he learns that these are not to be handled by him, he should not be left alone in the room to creep about as his fancy may dictate. He should be put in a safe place when there is no one to watch him.

There comes to mind the picture of a beautiful baby boy about fifteen months old sitting in the middle of the best carpet with blackberries to the right of him, blackberries to the left of him, blackberries in front of him, blackberries on top of him, blackberries inside of him, and blackberries all over him! The first sounds that attracted attention were gurgles of delight. What a good time he was having! In his haste in coming from the bazaar the cook had put the basket of berries on a chair and rushed on to other duties, while the ayah took leave for a few minutes. Cook didn't leave the next basket of blackberries on a chair! In the care of our children we need to use common sense and to teach other members of the household and



the servants to do the same. The blackberries should have been put away, but there are other things not intended for playthings which should not be put away. In short, don't take all temptation away from the baby, but don't put too much confidence in his ability to leave things alone even after you think you have taught him not to touch them.

This brings us to say that formal lessons on "Don't touch" are valuable. These should relate to things within the baby's reach, and be given before he can creep, followed later by lessons using objects farther away. On your lap afterwards he should have a chance to investigate the forbidden article to satisfy his curiosity, but afterwards, when it is put back in its place, he is not to touch it.

WAYS TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM

Take care how you remove from a child anything in which he is especially interested. Until you can give him some lesson on "Give it to me," it is best to substitute a toy in which he is interested. If obliged to take it away from him do it in a happy, smiling way, without the slightest nervousness or irritability. Thus you will avoid antagonizing him.

Do not give lessons teaching two different things, one immediately after the other. Should you do so, the child will probably become confused and lose both lessons. Very many helpful lessons can be given in a way similar to the "Don't touch" lesson.

Since obedience is a habit, this principle must be adhered to very strictly. Once having told a child to do or not to do a thing, you must see that no exceptions are made. The habit of obedience cannot be formed when he is allowed to obey at one time and disobey the next.

Many times when the little one desires to do the thing he has been forbidden to do, some quick thinking on the part of the parent will lead him to substitute some other enjoyable course of action for the forbidden one, and the child finds that he is perfectly happy without doing the thing he at first wanted to do. In this case someone may say that the child has not conquered himself and really obeyed. But he certainly has not disobeyed and a little more experience will make him stronger and wiser and there-

fore better able to conquer his own desires next time. At least the parent has avoided antagonism between himself and the child; and this is important, for antagonism tends to put a barrier between parent and child which destroys perfect confidence.

TRAINING REQUIRES STUDY AND EFFORT

Some parents seem to have little assurance that their commands will be obeyed. There is an impelling power in voice and attitude on the part of the parent who expects nothing but obedience. A certain firmness of tone goes with it. There must be no sharpness or irritability, but to the contrary, calm self-possession. Young children are somewhat like young animals; they are chilled by sharpness. The animal trainer must never lose his patience in working with his horse lest he lose his power over the animal. Is a child less sensitive than a colt?

Parents should by look and word show appreciation for the efforts of the children. "That's good," "He's my little man," or some such expression

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Contented and happy.

Pranlal Patel



helps the child to want to heed his parents' wishes at a future time.

OBEYING PRINCIPLES

Why should children obey their parents? Sometimes we are caused by appearances to question if some parents *know* why. Is it because the parents are bigger and stronger? Is it simply because they are the parents? Or is it because they stand as the representatives of principle and law to the child?

We have heard it said that children should not be taught to obey their parents, but rather to obey a law or principle of right. The reason given is that obedience is to be made a habit, so that when the child does not have his parents to obey, he will nevertheless be self-controlled. But what does a *little* child know about anything so abstract as "law" and "principles of right"? There must be someone behind the law that the child can see and understand; and incidentally someone with compelling power.

REASONS AND SOLUTIONS

Let us consider some reasons why children disobey:

1. They want to have their own way. This is natural; we adults are all more or less inclined that way. The child must be led to see that his way is not always the best way; that his parents, having lived longer, have had more experience, and can therefore see the result better.

2. Parents fail to set the right kind of example. At first the child thinks, "When I am big, I won't have to obey anyone. My father doesn't have to obey." As the child grows older, however, he discovers that his father does have to obey someone. After learning that, he observes quickly if father doesn't always live up to the letter of the law. He reads the posted traffic regulations; but father is in a hurry, there is no one watching to see whether or not he obeys these rules, and the motor car goes, not at "twenty miles an hour" but at thirty-five or fifty. The child observes that kind of disobedience and naturally concludes that it is all right if you can "get by" with it.

3. Parents should allow no exceptions in obedience. Perhaps yesterday



R. Krishnan

In college one expects to be disciplined and learn obedience.

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the mother definitely told Ajit that he should not play with Rama any more. In her mind she had the best of reasons for wanting the children not to be together alone, but she did not explain them to Ajit. Today Mrs. Shah came for a social call and brought Rama with her. Naturally he stopped in the garden with Ajit and there they played. Of course, Ajit's mother might have brought them both into the room where she was in order to keep her eye on them, but they would have made more noise than she desired and perhaps would have disarranged the room. Then, too, calling them in might cause some embarrassment. So the mother allowed these complexities to overbalance her judgment. But in forming habits, permit *no exceptions*.

REASONABLE REQUIREMENTS

4. Parents are not always careful to make sure that the child understands their requests, or they do not consider sufficiently whether acquiescence lies within the child's power. The parent is hurried, and his command to the child is abbreviated accordingly. "Shankar, run to the

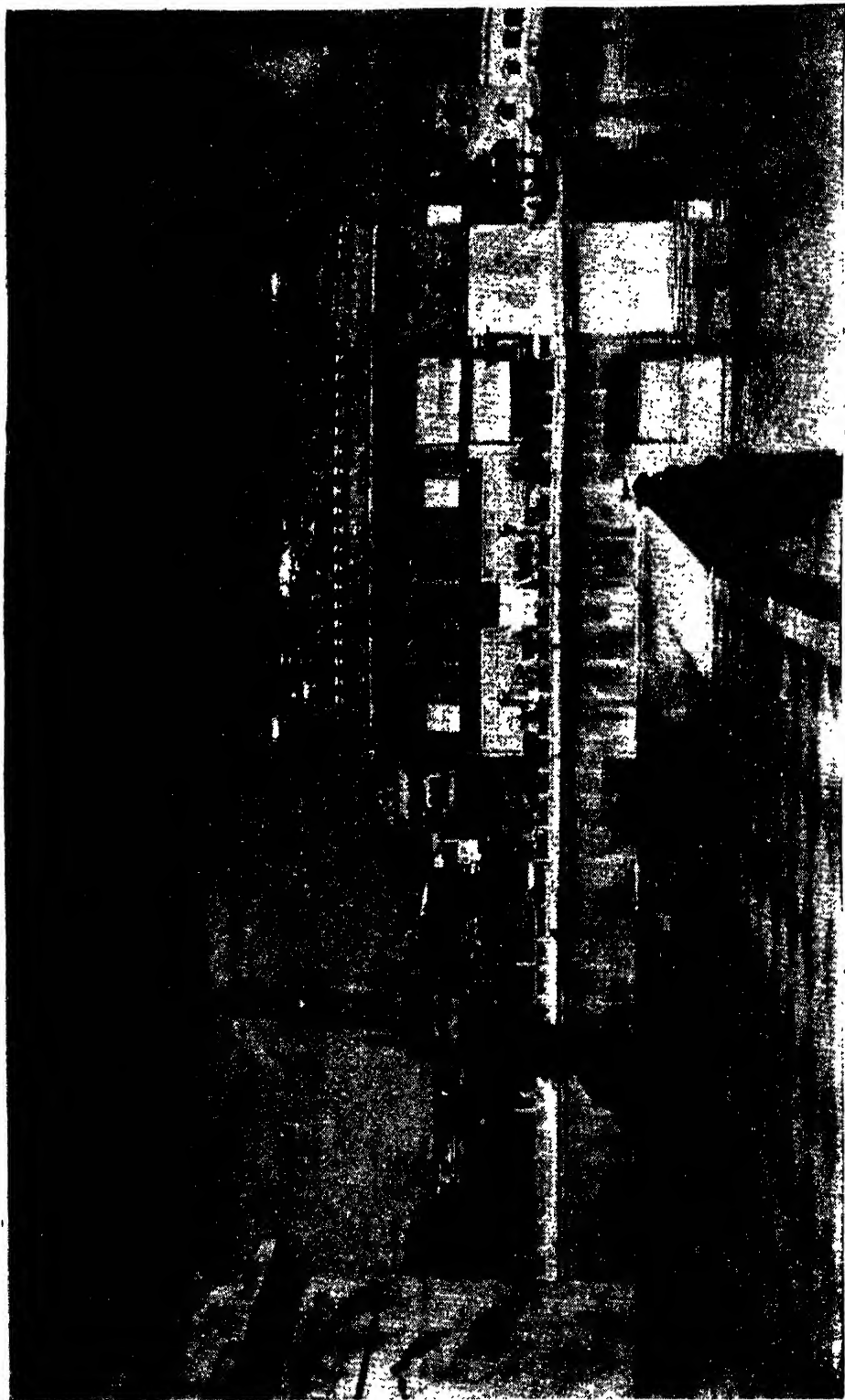
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godown and get that iron lying in the corner by the door." "All right," says Shankar, and away he goes, anxious to help father. When he reaches the godown there are two irons in the corner. He picks up the larger one and runs back to father, but father frowns and perhaps tells him sharply that he ought to have known better than to have brought that iron. But Shankar has not had his father's experience, and how should he know which iron to bring? His heart is sore because of the rebuff and he does not care to stay with his father during the rest of the afternoon.

5. Parents sometimes talk indiscreetly before the child. We have often heard a mother say, "Surash obeys his father; he knows he must; but he doesn't pay any attention to what I say unless he wants to." These unwise words themselves furnish a reason why Suresh obeys his father but fails to obey his mother.

Avoid extremes in discipline. Little by little lead the child to think and judge for himself, until he can safely govern himself; for the ultimate end of all control is to develop self-control in the little one.



The Golden Temple, Amritsar.

A Story

The Eleventh Time

AJIT had been given a beautiful new cycle for his birthday; it was a big one with bright red mudguards, and shiny silver handlebars. There was also a bell and a brake. Ajit loved it and he could hardly wait until the ayah had dressed him so that he could go outside and play with it.

Father had said that he must be very careful when riding it because their house was on the top of a hill and there was not much level ground on which to ride. He was never to ride down the hill. There were three other houses on the hill and there was a fairly level road so that Ajit could have a long ride without going on the hill. Shyam also had a cycle and the two boys had a fine time racing around the houses. They never seemed to tire of racing and going over and over the same route.

One day as Ajit was riding past his own house he heard his father call to him to go in, but he did not want to go in so he rode on as if he had not heard. All around the circle he rode hoping that his father had not seen him pass. As he came toward the house again he heard his father call, "Ajit! Ajit! where are you? You must come in for breakfast," and as Ajit came to the gate of the compound he saw his father waiting for him. He did not want to go in so he said, "Oh, father, let me go round once more; I am

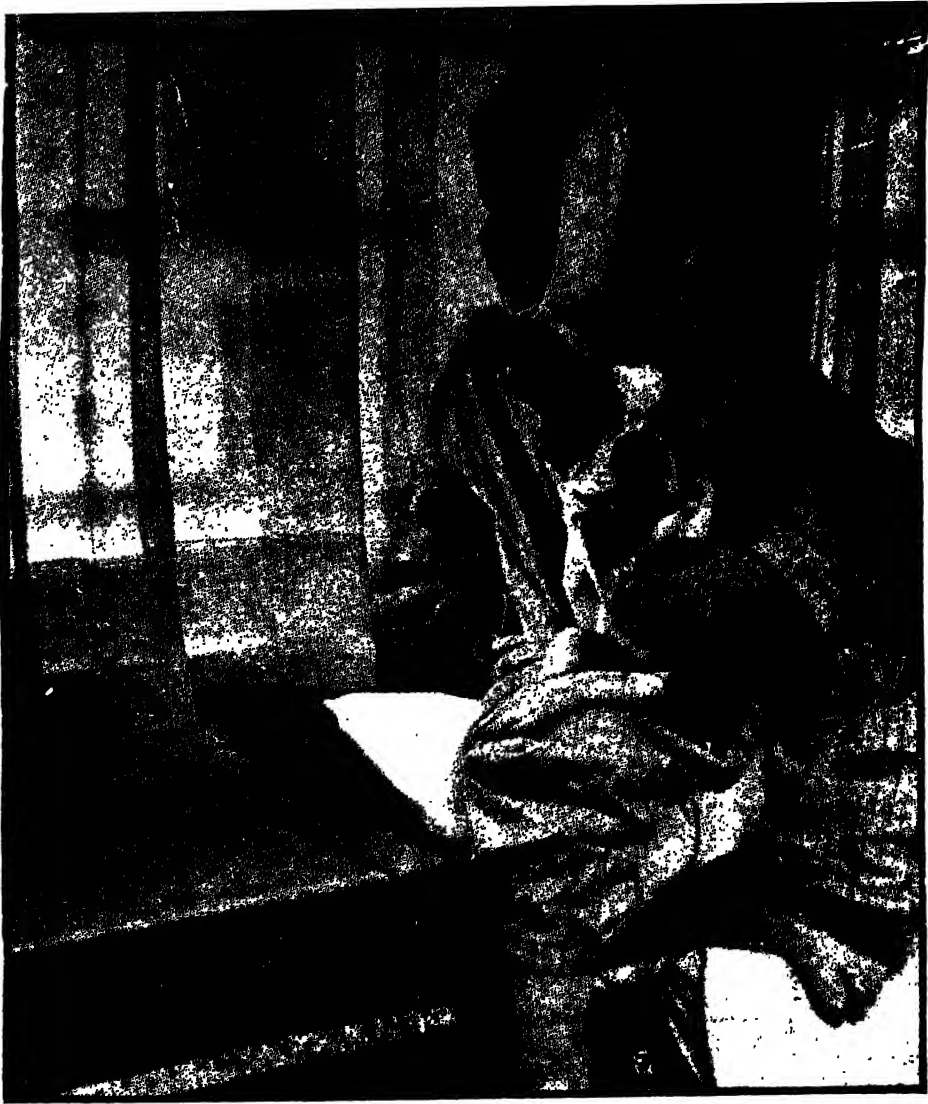
trying to see how many times I can go round and I have now been round ten times. I want to go once more to make it eleven." Mr. Singh, his father, weakened and said, "Once more and then you must come in so we can eat before I go to the office."

But, alas, how often it is that "once more" is once too many! Away Ajit went as fast as he could, but as he was passing a steep road about half way around, the front wheel hit a stone and turned it in the downhill direction. before he knew what was happening he was going headlong down the hill. He grabbed the brake but it was not strong enough. The cycle came to a long flight of stone steps and over and over them it tumbled. Bang, bang, bump, bump, bang, bang, bang, clankety clank, went boy and cycle until they finally came to a stop at the bottom of the hill.

Neighbours ran to pick Ajit up; he was unconscious, and when they got him home his father rushed him to the hospital in



Los Angeles County Hospital, U. S. A.



We always have a price to pay for disobedience.

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his motor car. At the hospital doctors found that his skull was fractured. Ajit had to have a serious operation and stay in bed for many weeks. As for the cycle it was a complete wreck.

Ajit's friend Shyam felt very sorry for him but that was the price that Ajit had to pay for not obeying immediately when his father called.



A good hiding place for wild animals and birds.

A Story

A Matter of Life or Death

IT WAS late in the afternoon of a hot day and I was near an abandoned lantana-covered field, more than a mile from the bungalow. For some time I had been trying to make accurate observations of a flock of young wild peacocks that ranged the jungle adjacent to this waste field.

I was perched in a small kiker tree, "spying out the land," when a fox passed almost beneath me, paused at a pile of rocks, put his forefeet upon a rock just like a hesitating dog or cat, and then insinuated himself between two rocks. He entered the lantana field, but his behaviour made me think that he merely meant to skulk along its borders. Indeed, several times during the next few minutes I caught a gleam of his tawny coat and a glimpse of his sharply intelligent face as it momentarily peered over the grass tops. His presence and his manner boded ill for the half-grown peafowl that were now not far away.

Looking into the lantana I could see the fox literally peeping through the grass stems and apparently edging himself toward the field, which he now probably regretted having crossed.

The young peafowl were a hard lot to manage. They found grasshoppers so plentiful that obedience to their mother's warning to keep on coming was a difficult task. One young cock was espe-

cially enterprising. The grasshopper for which he had suddenly formed a liking flew over the rock pile beyond which the fox was crouching. The cock essayed to follow his prize. The mother called warningly. The fox slipped forward through the grass, his eyes gleaming. It was his chance to cut one of these birds out of the flock and pounce upon it ere it could take warning or wing.

The situation looked pretty critical to me, but in a moment the aspect of the whole affair changed. The young peafowl heard his mother calling. He hesitated for an instant, but in another moment he abandoned his private adventure and was safe within the family fold. The fox, frustrated by the obedience of the young bird, crept through the lantana; but the mother saw him, gave the alarm, and the whole flock scattered in the air, alighting on the limbs of kiker and thorn trees. There they settled for the night, far out of the reach of any marauder prowling on the ground beneath.

Wild children know how to obey!

—*Archibald Rutledge.*

2ND CHAPTER

Falsehood or Imagination?

LIES are of different kinds. They vary as much perhaps as different varieties of disease, and the treatment should be varied. No doctor would think of treating one disease as he would treat another. Neither should we treat the lie produced by an imagination that has been trained in such a way as to make it over-active, in the same way we would treat a lie told to free the liar himself from the blame while at the same time it implicates an innocent person. Here, perhaps, we have the two extremes; but there are many kinds of lies between these extremes.

CONSIDER THE MOTIVE

First of all, in dealing with the liar, the motive must be considered. Did the child lie because he wanted to protect a friend from harm? Did he lie to shield himself and escape punishment? Did he lie to be "polite"? Or did he lie because his fancy led him wrong? Diagnosis is necessary, and, like the physician, we should go into the motives of the case. The doctor asks many questions, some of which to the patient seem quite irrelevant, but not so to the doctor. Sometimes he even asks questions of other people. If there is a nurse, her answers seem to be of more value than the patient's. So the teacher or parent must canvass the matter of truth and lies from all angles.

If the case is between parent and child, and the parent has kept the

confidence of the child, he will without doubt get to the bottom of the matter very quickly. The same thing is true to a large degree between teacher and pupil, though the teacher's lack of long acquaintance may seriously handicap him. But sometimes the parent's attitude of mind, his certainty that his child could not be seriously wrong, produces a blindness that makes it very difficult for him to see clearly enough to diagnose the case correctly.

IDEALS OF TRUTH-TELLING

The thing of first importance is to build up in the child a high ideal relative to truth-telling. This should be begun as soon as he is able to understand. There is probably no better way to do this than to study real characters in story and biography. Hearing a few stories in which the hero tells the truth when it is seemingly to his disadvantage to do so will cause the truth-teller to be admired by the child and truth to be exalted in his eyes. Again, the recital of stories dealing with the subject of truth from the negative side, causes the child to learn to despise lying and the selfish-

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Wisdom and impudence!

Planet News Ltd.



ness and cowardice connected with it. How they do detest such characters as are revealed by this particular kind of story! Children imitate their heroes and shrink from being like the ones whom they hold in contempt.

Children often lie because they are accustomed to hearing lies in their own homes, and from their other associates. We must keep them out of bad company, and if our own company is bad for them, we will surely have to make some radical changes.

SOCIAL LYING

Possibly an explanation is due here to the parent who doubts some of the above statements. He may be saying, "Respectable parents do not lie to their children nor to others," but wait—what was it *you* said the other day when Mrs. Sukla came in? Wasn't it that you enjoyed that solo that she sang at the club? And what was it you told your husband after you returned from the club that day? You said, "I don't see why they put Mrs. Sukla up to sing solos, for surely there is no special beauty in her voice." It was not at all necessary to say anything to Mrs. Sukla about her solo. If you did not appreciate her singing, the subject should not have been mentioned.

And last week you were so busy you told Shusila that you *did* hope no one would come, for you didn't want to see *even* your very best friend. And then the Ramans came over; and when you met them you said, "Come in! I am so glad to see you!" "Polite lies" they have been called, but certainly your child knows they are not the truth. Be careful of example for it is more impressive than precept.

BROKEN PARENTAL PROMISES

Then again, another way parents have of telling untruths is to fail to keep their promises to their children. Perhaps they promise little Jiten that he may go to town with them *the* next time they go, but when the "next time" comes, it is found inconvenient to take him, and he is told he must wait until another time. Of course he is disappointed, perhaps angry,



Vasudev Muljimal

Childhood is a time of make-believe.

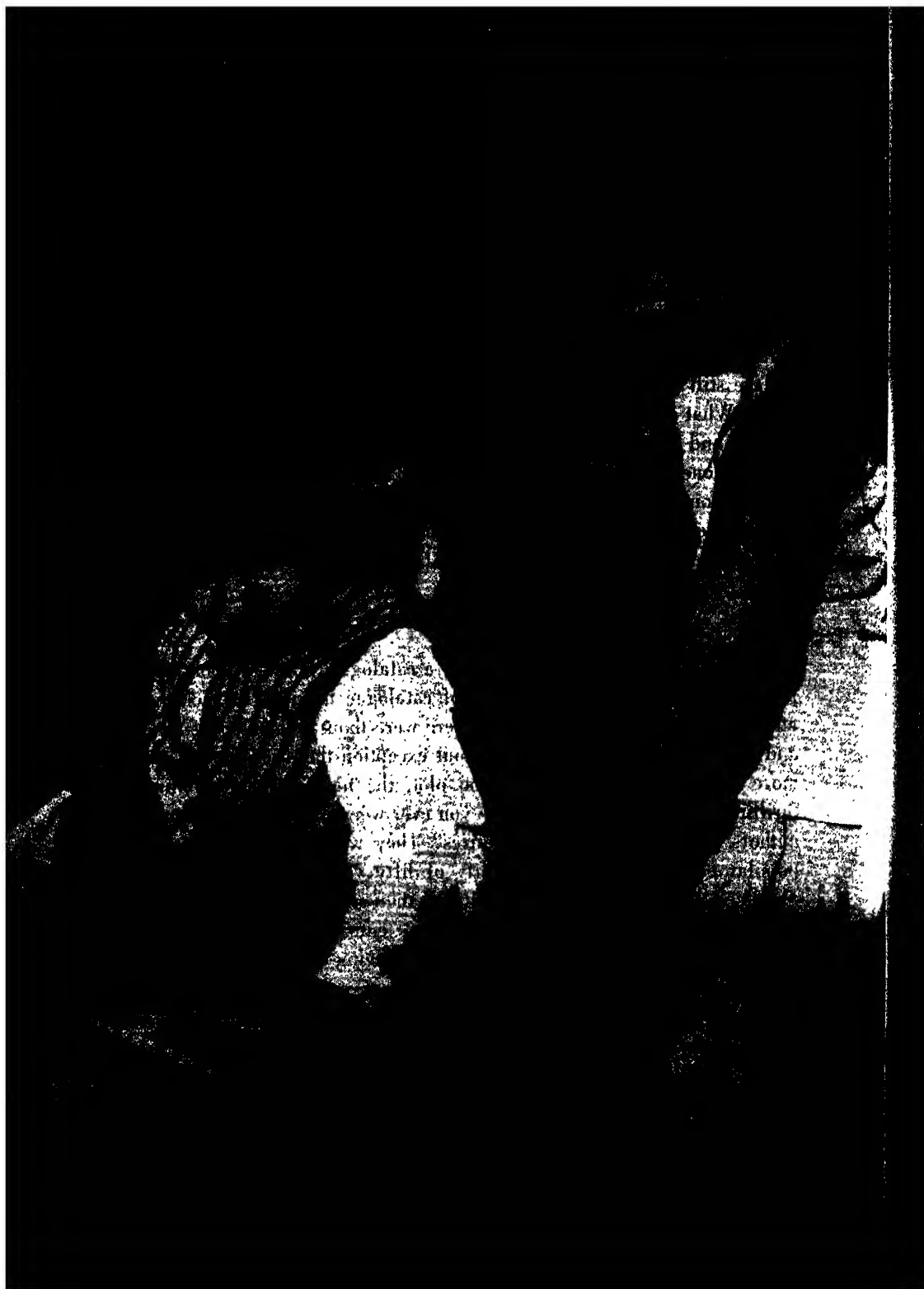
and he regards his parents as untruthful, and he may do as did another boy under the same circumstances—he went back into the house as his parents reached the gate, and said to the ayah, “There go two liars.” Dreadful, we may think. Of course it was, but who was to blame?

We are told by many educators that we must develop the imagination of children. Therefore these educators fill the child’s mind with myths and fairy tales, or with animal stories which are utterly absurd. As the child comes to know more of the truths of nature, he learns that he has been fed on the false and the unreal, but it has been given in such a fascinating way that he still enjoys those old tales and reads other similar ones with great relish. What about the effect on his character and destiny? What misdirected energy, and what pitiful results! Imagination should be developed, but that can be done by the use of stories true to life. How can we cultivate the imagination more safely than with the description of some beautiful place we have seen or about which we have read? Nature furnishes much which may be used to strengthen the imagination.

DANGERS IN IMAGINATIVE STORIES

I sat at my desk looking through a catalogue. It was a book catalogue prepared by one skilled in the art of catalogue making. Its pictures were attractive, its contents interesting. There were thousands of books described and priced therein, but almost without exception they were novels, and the more wicked and demoralizing the plot, the more bright, bubbling and thrilling was the description. Have you ever wondered how there came to be authors for so many fanciful stories? They were largely created by the popular education of the past forty or fifty years. Fictional stories were produced much longer ago than that, but their number has been many times multiplied in the past few decades. Some educators today are seeing the mistake that was made back there and are giving children a different mental dietary.

It is not surprising that those fed on fancy should have highly developed imaginations, or that those fed on lies should tell lies. Therefore we



FALSEHOOD OR IMAGINATION?

Following in father's footsteps!

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must correct rather than punish the child whose fancy leads him to "spin yarns," and to tell untruths, for he is not the one to be blamed.

The development of the imagination should not be discouraged, but it can expand when built on a foundation of truth as well as when built on a base of error.

SELISH IMAGINATION

The child's imagination usually centres in himself. Perhaps he boasts about heroic and brilliant deeds he has done—which he has never done at all. Boasting may be built up wholly from the imagination or it may be made by cold calculation. Again, diagnosis of the disease as to its particular type is necessary, and the treatment will vary accordingly. However, all such lies are told to gain advantage which does not rightfully belong to the child, and therefore are a species of dishonesty practised to gain prestige. Cold, deliberate lies should receive corrective punishment, of a kind as nearly related to the offence as possible; but punishments must also be varied according to the disposition, weaknesses, and faults of the particular child. Sometimes confining him to his room and giving him a chance to think it all out solves the problem. In some way he must be brought to see the cowardice and selfishness of his falsifying.

With the child who lives on the plane of fancy and talks from that plane, a different treatment is necessary. The study of nature furnishes as good mental food for him as does the vegetable kingdom physical food



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R. Krishnan

Plate opposite: The reading of certain books may stir our imagination.

for the undernourished child. For practice let him describe in exact terms objects in nature. Science is exact. Neither the child nor the parent should think of this as punishment. In fact, it should not even be connected with the telling of lies.

If the story is untruthful and built almost entirely by the imagination, insist that he tell it again, and tell it truthfully, giving only facts. Keep at him until he does. If it is really a serious matter, sometimes it is well to act as though you thought the child were joking and say, "Now, let's not joke about it any more, but tell me just how it was."

THE LIE THAT IS EXAGGERATED

Exaggeration is closely related to this form of lying, and may be treated in much the same way. Since children love to play games, a game in which parents and children take part may cure both of exaggerating. Some forfeit, say a pice, every time any member of the family is caught exaggerating, works charmingly. But be sure you, father, mother, "take your medicine" as you expect the children to take theirs.

In the case of the child who lies through fear, the parent or teacher is the one to be blamed, and he ought to take the punishment if he thinks



any should be given. To punish the child would be cruel, but in love he must be corrected, educated, and restrained.

NATURAL PUNISHMENT FOR LYING

One natural punishment for lying is loss of reputation. The following story well illustrates this point. A certain boy once spent an afternoon in a park with other boys trying to ride a horse. He told his parents that he had spent the time at a neighbour's house. The father said:

"Do you think your mother and I would have lied to you, Saruk, as you have lied to us? Was it treating us fair as we have always treated you?"

"No," slowly answered Saruk, his face flushing a deeper shade; "I know it. It is pretty mean behaviour."

His father went on to tell him that he would have to suffer because of his wrong-doing, but made no suggestion as to how.

A day or two later Saruk ran in saying that the next door neighbour had asked him to go for a ride in his new motor car. This was when motor cars were unusual, and this was the first one in their town.

"May I go?" Saruk repeated eagerly as his father left the room.

"Come to me, Saruk," said his mother. "How can I know that Mr. Mohan Lal has asked you to ride in his motor car?"

Saruk looked at her puzzled. "Why, he did, Mother. You can ask him. He is right there on his verandah."

"Do you think that I want him to know that I cannot trust my little boy's word?"

The child gazed still more earnestly at her, as if trying to think what she might mean; and then his face flushed as the consciousness came that she was doubting him because of his doings of a certain afternoon.

"I *am* telling the truth now, Mother."

"How do I know it? I thought you were the other day, and all that you told me were big lies."

"This isn't, truly, Mother."

"Perhaps not, but I don't know how to tell the difference. How can I?"

The look was anxious now.

"But, Mother, can't I go?"

"I don't see any way. I should be ashamed to ask Mr. Mohan Lal whether he really invited you."

"But he *did* Mother, he *did*. Let me go, *please*, Mother. I never rode in a motor car in all my life. Mother, can't I go?" The tone grew more alarmed and excited as the impossibility of making her believe him came to him with the full force of all it meant to him.

"What way can there be for me to be sure that this is not just like your telling me that Mr. Pillai invited you to go to see Mohanraj?" his mother asked him.

THE HORROR OF NOT BEING TRUSTED

The child stamped with excitement and grief. "You might let me go! You know he invited me!"

"Do I, Saruk, dear? I am longing to trust you. Tell me how I can know what the difference is between this and the other time."

The child for one short moment searched his mother's face in agony, and then threw himself upon the floor and cried out between sobs, "When I *do* tell—the truth—you won't believe—me! He did ask me! He *did*!"

M. D. Vincent

Playtime
is a
happy
time.



She let this grief expend itself while she was thinking rapidly. As the sobs grew quieter, Saruk called, "Mamma."

"Well, Saruk?"

"Are you always going to think I am lying? Have I got to stay at home from *everywhere* if you don't hear folks ask me to go?"

THE TACT THAT WINS

"Come here, dear," and when he came she pushed the hair back from the hot little face. "We can arrange it for another time, but not this; there is no way for you to go today. Hush, dear, listen. Have you forgotten what Bapu said to you that day when we found out how you had deceived us? He told you that some time you would suffer for what you had done that day. He knew that there would be a time when something like this would come up; for of course we cannot trust you again until we know you do not deceive any more. Now we will do this: You go to Mr. Mohan Lal and tell him that Mother cannot let you go riding today, and thank him for asking you. Then the next time I meet him, I will thank him, and then I shall know by his answer whether he really invited you. And if you will promise to be a truthful boy in the future, and I find this is true, I will trust you next time and always, as long as you tell me the truth."

Please notice the tact exhibited by this mother; and certainly this treatment would have to be handled tactfully, and should not be used until "expectancy of truth" has failed to bring results. A child who has been properly trained to any reasonable degree will usually respond to being placed on his honour in truth-telling as well as in other matters.

In dealing with the erring child, bring about a confession if possible, but never urge a child to say he is sorry, lest you find yourself forcing him to tell *more* lies. Let him express his sorrow as, and when, he feels it, but don't fail to diagnose the disease, for right treatment depends on the diagnosis. Study the motive. Train the child to feel that lying is weak and cowardly, and that it takes real strength to tell the truth at all times. Build high ideals from babyhood, remembering that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."



A Story

The Triumph of Truth

IT WAS a day or two before Divali and people were rushing everywhere making preparations. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry. It was almost dark and some streets were already lighted.

"*Evening News*, sir," called a thin little lad with a bundle of papers under his arm. He was ragged and tired and hungry, and he knew that very soon he must go home. Passing a well-dressed barrister he called again, "*Evening News*, sir, only an anna." But the barrister went on without saying a word. Little Suresh had been up the street and down the street crying "*Evening News*," until his voice was almost gone, and his heart was sad. There were still twenty papers under his arm. The shops would soon close, and all the people would go home. He would have to go home too, carrying the papers instead of the money. It was hard. He had so hoped to sell more papers than usual tonight. He had longed to have enough money to buy a little Divali treat for his mother and himself, and some bird seed for the little bulbul which his father had given him shortly before he died. He knew his mother had worked hard all day washing and cleaning for Mrs.

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Plate opposite: Divali fireworks attract the children.

U. P. S.

Nigamwalla. He broke down as he thought of his failure to sell his papers. He had spent all the money that both he and his mother had to buy them. It was more than he could bear, and it seemed as though his little heart would break."

"Hello, Suresh. Haven't you sold your papers yet? I sold mine two hours ago."

Suresh looked up. It was Amarnath, another newsboy.

"How many do you have left, Suresh?"

"Twenty," answered Suresh sadly.

"Twenty! Why, that's one-four!"

"Yes," said Suresh, "and I can't sell them. Nobody wants papers tonight," and the tears began to flow again.

"Suresh," said Amarnath as he drew nearer to him so that no one would hear what he was going to say. "I'll tell you how I did it."

"How? Do tell me."

There was a wicked look in Amarnath's eyes as he said, "You must run quickly up the street and shout, 'Suicide in Bombay; Pakistan preparing for war.'"

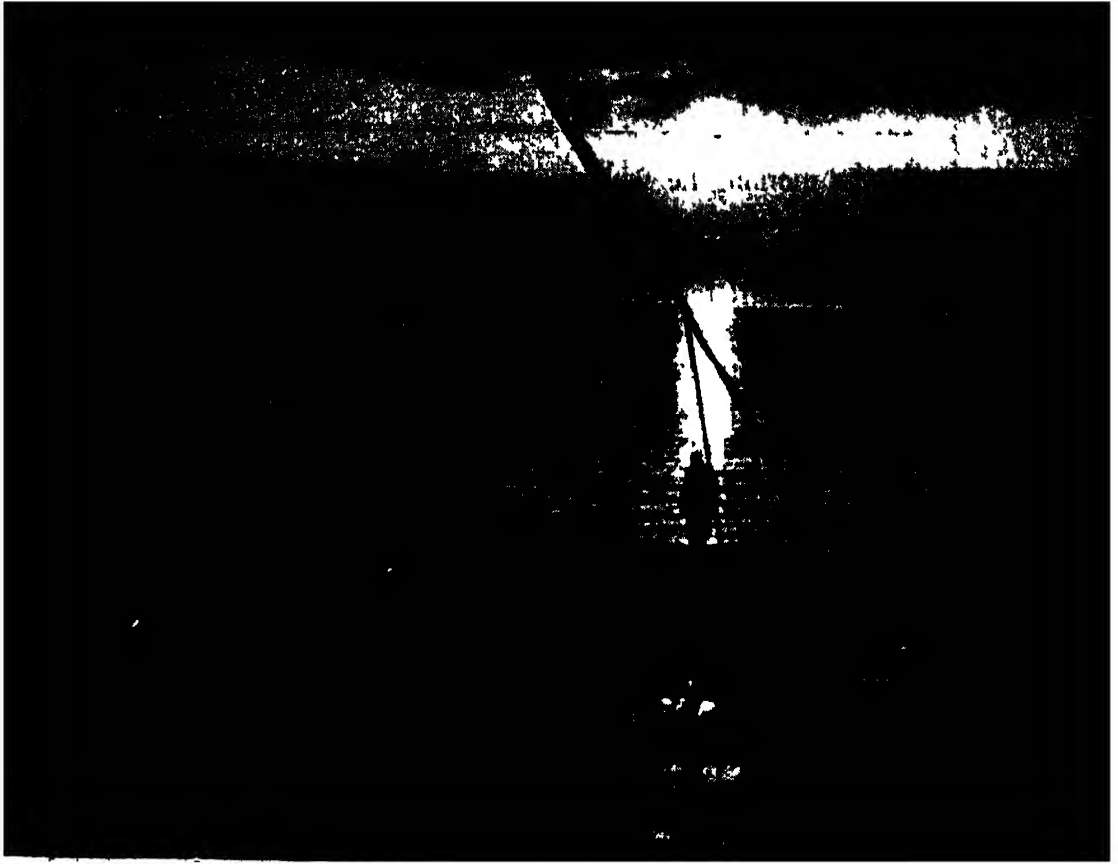
Suresh started. He plunged his hand into his pocket and felt the few annas that were there. Then looking Amarnath in the face, he said, "But, Amarnath, that isn't in the paper."

"No, you softy, but nobody'll catch you. Just run away quickly before they have time to see and you will sell out and get your one-four."

Suresh looked down; it was a new idea to him. He thought of his pretty bulbul with no seed; of the annas his mother had given him to help to pay for his papers; of the Divali dainty that he wanted to buy. Suresh was just a poor, ragged newsboy, but he had been taught some good things. It was a severe struggle—his mother, his bird, and something nice to eat on one side; and on the other side a lie. He looked up and then hissed out:

"Tell a lie for one-four? Never!"

Brave little Suresh! With tired legs, but with a true heart,



The Sea of Galilee.

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he had to carry his papers home. His mother was waiting for him, weary herself after a hard day's work. Like the good patient mother that she was, she said not a word about the money she so much needed. Suresh told her all that Amarnath had said, and to encourage him to do right always, she told him how his father had always tried, even when it was hard, to do right. She told him that God, too, expected him to do right.

"Mother," said Suresh, "when Amarnath first told me, I almost thought I'd do it, I thought God wouldn't mind if I lied just once when He knew how I loved you and my bulbul. But all at once I began to go all hot and cold and to feel queer right here," and he put his hand over his heart, "and then I couldn't do it."

The boy went to bed and to sleep, but no angel came to give him any money for having done right, as stories sometimes read.

In the morning he woke with only his outward rags to cover his inward righteousness. But he was happy in the knowledge that he had resisted temptation.

That afternoon as usual he went to the office for his papers. The boys were crowding around Amarnath, who was boasting that he sold six dozen the day before. Amarnath added that Suresh lost one-four because he would not tell a lie. The boys were shouting and pointing at Suresh, who didn't know what to say or do. But while they were pushing Suresh and laughing at him, a gentleman was trying to force his way through the crowd to the office. The boys did not notice him, but he noticed Suresh. "What is the matter, my boy?" he said.

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Dassera Illumination, Mysore Palace.



Everyone grew quiet as they stared at Suresh and then at the gentleman. One boy whispered under his breath, "He wouldn't tell a lie yesterday and lost one-four by it, and he didn't sell his papers." The gentleman heard it, and that was enough for him. This was just the kind of boy he wanted. He took Suresh away from the crowd and into the street and said to him, "You wouldn't tell a lie yesterday, my boy? Brave lad!" he repeated as Suresh innocently told him all about it. They walked on together, Suresh and Mr. Dharandas, a keen, kind-hearted business man who valued truthfulness and honesty, for on these he could always depend.

"Yes," he said to Suresh, as though he had just finished working out a plan. "Yes, you are just the boy I want. When I saw you, I was just going into the office to ask the peon to find me a boy like you."

This was Divali, and a week later Suresh started on his new job. He lost the sale of twenty papers because he would not tell a lie, but he got clean, well-paid work because he told the truth. True boys make true men; a crooked stick cannot be straightened after it has grown that way.



A Story

Electric Eyes

SHUSHILA had been looking forward to going with her family on a trip to America for many months and now the great day had come and they were actually in New York. As a very special treat Bapu had taken Shushila to see the shops and they were going to make a day of it seeing all the sights and eating in the best places.

As they came to the main entrance of a large shop Shushila reached out to open the door and suddenly it opened by itself.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Did you see that, Bapu?" "How in the world did the door open like that?"

"Like what?" said Bapu, teasing. "You must have opened it yourself. There is nobody else to do it."

"I didn't even touch it!" said Shushila.

"Try it again," said Bapu.

Shushila stepped out of the shop and the door closed behind her. Then she walked toward it again and just as she put out her hand to push it, again it flew open by itself.

"I didn't touch it," cried Shushila. "You try it, Bapu."

"All right," said Bapu, smiling, "I will."

So Bapu tried it, and of course the door flew open again.

"This is a mystery," declared Shushila. "There must be someone hidden inside watching who pulls the handle when anyone comes."

"No, that's not it," said Bapu. "But there is an electric eye watching there—not a human eye but an electric eye."

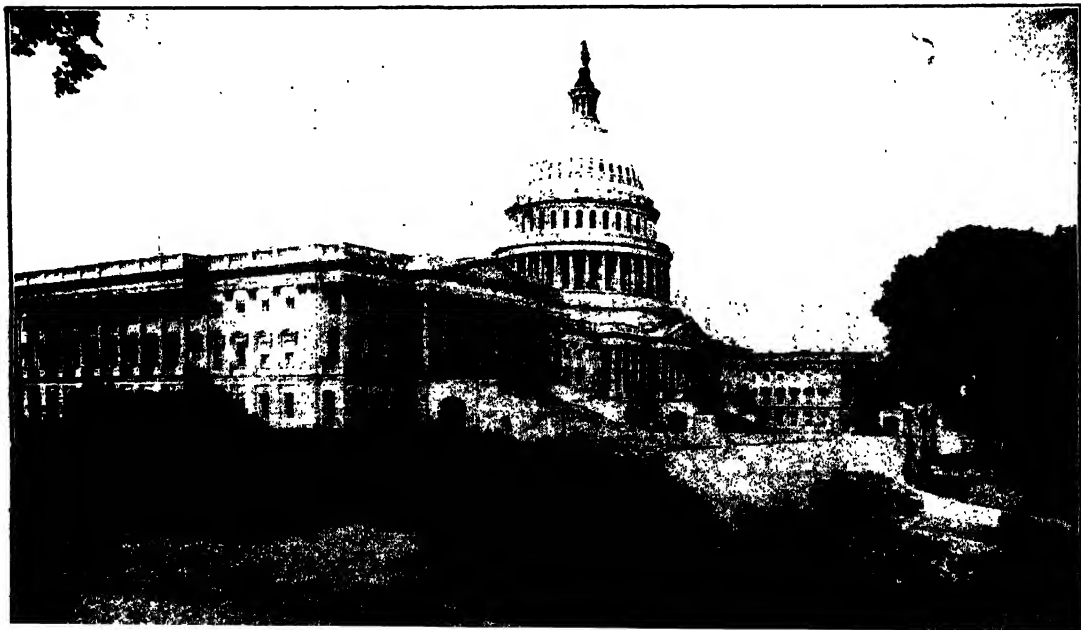
"An electric eye!" exclaimed Shushila, "What kind of an eye is that?"

"I'll try to explain," answered Bapu, but it is a bit difficult. On one side of that door is an electric lamp which throws a narrow beam of light across the doorway on to a photo-electric cell on the other side of the doorway. This completes an electric current, and the door remains closed. When any object or person passes in front of that light, the electric cell is broken, then various gadgets automatically start working and the door opens."

"How wonderful!" said Shushila. "But I don't see how a beam of light could open a big, heavy door."

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The Capitol, Washington, U. S. A.





A scene in a busy city street.

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"You will learn about that when you grow up and study physics in college," replied Bapu. "But the electrical impulses which are very faint are boosted up by electric tubes, like radio tubes, until they are strong enough to operate a switch which operates a magnet which—"

"I see! I see!" interrupted Shushila trying to look very wise, "and they call it an electric eye?"

"Yes, that's the name," agreed Bapu, "because it sees everyone who approaches the door. So jewel shops have installed electric eyes to catch burglars. They say the crown jewels in the Tower of London are protected by electric eyes."

"You know, Bapu," said Shushila, "it reminds me of grandfather."

"Does it?" asked Bapu, "Why?"

"Because he sees everything too," said Shushila with a mischievous smile. "I think he must have electric eyes."

Bapu laughed out loud. "You're right. That's just what he does have. He never missed anything when he was a little boy, too. And I'll tell you something else, Shushila. That electric eye reminds me of God. He sees everything and everybody, and He sees much more than grandfather sees. It is written that 'the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good,' also, 'His eyes are upon the ways of man, and He seeth all his goings.'"

"So God saw me going through the door too!" said Shushila.

"Yes, and up the stairs and everywhere. There is no place on the earth that we can go, Shushila, where the eyes of God do not follow us. In another book of the Bible it says, 'The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth,' so you see His eyes are looking everywhere, seeing everything, seeing everybody."

"I never heard of that," said Shushila. "It makes you feel that you want to be careful about all you do and where you go, doesn't it?"

"It does," agreed Bapu. "Mighty careful."

"God must have electric eyes too," added Shushila.

"Something more wonderful than that. In one of the chapters of the Bible there is a description of God and it says, 'His eyes were as a flame of fire.'"

"That sounds like the beam of light by the door," said Shushila.

"Yes," said Bapu, "but many million times more powerful, for the eyes of God not only see everything, they burn into people's hearts and start things happening. If we will look to God and catch the light from His eyes, there's no knowing what may happen to us."

"Now can we go to the toy department, Bapu?"

"Of course, of course, but we are hardly through the door yet."

So off they went, but as they walked to the lift and sensed all the new and interesting things around them, they also had a new sense of the nearness of God, and a new conviction that His eyes were following them everywhere.



3RD CHAPTER

Temper Control

“**A** MAN with no control over himself is like a town with broken walls,” says an old proverb. The cities and villages were walled when this proverb was recorded. This was necessary for the protection of the inhabitants when cruel enemies swept down over the country, plundering and robbing as they went; and if there had been no walls, the people would have been entirely unprotected. In the walls were gates which at night and in times of danger were kept closed. But this proverb pictures enemies so fierce and determined that they have broken down the walls, and have gone inside and torn down the buildings. There is disorder and desolation everywhere. That city is without joy; there is no feeling of security. Unhappiness, distress, and fear reign. Protection is gone. No one knows what will happen next.

So it is with the one who has no rule over his own spirit or temper. If he is a full-grown individual, it may be that it is an angry speech that breaks the heart of a kind, devoted wife; or maybe an angry blow that destroys the life of a fellow man. If he is an adolescent boy, the loss of control may result in a companion's receiving a “beating up.” If he is a little child, perhaps he throws himself on the floor and kicks and screams. The baby stiffens his little body and cries as loudly as his tiny lungs will permit.

It surely is the duty of the parent and the teacher to help the child to build up a wall of self-control, that he may not be like the broken-down

city: and the earlier he begins the better for all concerned. Like all other habits, the more times passion gets the better of him, the easier it is to become angry again, and the harder the habit is to break. Acts by repetition become habits. It is easier to avoid the formation of bad habits than it is to break the habits after they are formed.

"BRINGING UP" PARENTS

We may say that bad temper is in the child when he is born. Yes, perhaps it is, but whose fault is that? Not the child's, certainly.

Herbert Hoover, one-time President of the United States of America, has remarked, "A great many parents need bringing up." And a wise man once said to another man who was worried about his bad temper, "In order to be cured you should secure a different grandfather." Although parents cannot give orders as to the branches that have previously grown on the family tree, at least they can study and learn the best methods of producing the right type of child. Much can be done before the birth of the child by giving proper care to the mother. The father also has a great responsibility in this matter.

DIET AND CARE OF THE MOTHER TO BE

Much of the ill-health, ill-temper and frayed nerves on the part of many mothers before their babies are born is very often due to malnutrition and ignorance of the proper diet in pregnancy. If the developing baby cannot get what it needs from the mother's food it will take it from her tissues. In that case, she will be undernourished, and her teeth, perhaps her bones also, are likely to suffer. During pregnancy the diet should be rich in vitamins and minerals, especially calcium, as well as ample in other food factors. The chief reliance should be on milk, whole-grain cereals, eggs, fruits, and green vegetables. The ideal diet during pregnancy, at least during the latter part of the period, should include not less than one seer of milk a day.

The expectant mother should also see that she obtains sufficient rest



These fruits help to keep us well.

Assoc. Lecturers Inc.

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and sleep, fresh air, light exercise, plenty of water and that there is adequate elimination of the body's wastes every day. By giving careful consideration to these matters she will find herself in a better frame of mind—ready to meet the ordinary vexations of every day calmly.

The very name "Samson" brings to most minds the picture of a tremendously strong man of magnificent physique. It is interesting to note that before Samson was born, Divine instruction was given to his mother as follows: "Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing." It is so important for an expectant mother to avoid stimulating drinks, it is also important that she avoid stimulating foods. Above all, the mother must not give way to a disturbed temper.

YOU CANNOT BEGIN TOO EARLY

A wise writer says, "Parents do not commence in season. The first manifestation of temper is not subdued, and the children grow stubborn, which increases with their growth and strengthens with their strength. . . . Parents, you should commence your first lesson of discipline when your children are babes in your arms. Teach them to yield their will to yours. This can be done by bearing an even hand, and manifesting firmness."

Baby must learn from the first that he cannot always have his own way. He is such an adorable little creature that in many homes he commands the whole family before he can even utter a word. He learns that if his demands are not met, all he has to do to bring the family into submission is to cry loudly.

Everyone knows that a baby must have attention, and that his only way to call attention to neglect is to cry. Therefore those in charge of babies ought to reason out the fact that baby must *not* be neglected, for no one wants him to form the habit of crying. Let everything connected with him be done on time. His meals must be regular and at the same time every day. Why is it that you find yourself getting uncomfortably hungry just before mealtime every day? —Because you are in the habit of eating your dinner at that time. Your stomach has become accustomed to taking in food at that time each day, and therefore calls for it. That's exactly what the baby's stomach does, too. Just so many hours have elapsed; his stomach tells him that he is hungry; therefore dinner is in order, and he should have it without being obliged to cry for it. Don't wait for him to demand changes in clothing and other necessities. Make sure that all physical needs are met. If the baby's diet is not complete and he is undernourished, he will be bad-tempered and no one can blame him.

BABY'S DIET.

If the baby's diet is out of balance it is most likely to be lacking in iron and vitamins, especially vitamins C and D. Egg yolk and mashed vegetables of the right kind furnish iron. Orange and tomato juice provide vitamin C. Cod-liver oil is rich in vitamin D. The fruit juices should be strained before feeding, and may be given diluted with boiled, cooled water. Egg yolks may be given soft boiled, but preferably boiled long enough to be mealy, and then mashed. Some children are sensitive to eggs. For this reason, begin with small quantities and stop giving egg yolk if it seems to disagree with your baby.

From the time baby is one month old he should be given two teaspoonfuls of orange juice daily, this amount to be increased until he is

receiving two tablespoonfuls twice a day by the time he is eight months old. Cod-liver oil or similar preparation should also be given according to prescription.

By the fourth month a little cereal such as carefully cooked and strained oats or cracked wheat may be given to him once a day. At this time too the egg yolk may be started. When he is five months old well-cooked and strained assorted vegetables may be given to him. These new foods must be begun gradually, not more than a teaspoonful at first.

Such a diet for baby along with mother's milk or a good formula will practically guarantee a normal baby's healthy growth—and what is also very important—a good temper. (For more explicit instructions on baby care, order the book *All About the Baby*, by Belle Wood-Comstock, M.D., from the Oriental Watchman Publishing House, Post Box 35, Poona 1.)

DISPLAYS OF TEMPER

As soon as a child is old enough to understand, let him see that you do not approve of his displays of temper. They must be treated differently from ordinary crying. "No, no, baby naughty," with a shake of the head and a disapproving look will have its effect on a very small child. *Never* give the child what he wants when he attempts to enforce his demands by temper.

But now suppose the parents did not give thought to this matter when the child was a baby, and he is now two, three, or four years old? They have given him his way rather than "have a scene." Remember, the same temper that smashes a toy in anger may, when the child is grown, kill a man. Or if his temper does not display itself in just that way, it may show itself in causing his wife and children to fear him, and in tyrannizing over any who are weaker than himself. Making little of this fault, or any other serious fault, is unworthy of a parent who has his child's best interests at heart. Do not imagine that he "will outgrow it." He may learn to cover it from some people, but he does not outgrow it unless he is helped to overcome it.



R. Krishnan

Physical punishment is sometimes necessary, but avoid this kind.

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As soon as the child can comprehend, talk with him about his fault when he is sober and self-contained. Teach him in simple language that he cannot even respect himself when he flies into a passion. Tell him stories of great and good men who have been known for their patience. Impress on the child how strong and brave they were. The wide-awake mother is always looking for good stories, and will tell them to help in all kinds of difficulties and situations. If your child has developed a hot temper, don't expect him to be cured in a day or in a week.

It takes *prayer*, *study*, and *constant vigilance* to make kind, patient men and women out of children.

THE FEARFULNESS OF UNCONTROL

The other evening there was a noise, a whirr, a smash, and then the voices of excited men and women. This drew us to the window to dis-

cover the cause of the excitement. By the aid of the lights carried by other people as curious as we, we could see a big, red oil truck standing at right angles across the walk leading to our neighbour's house. *It had been parked at the top of the hill above, and had broken loose and run wild down the hill while its driver was in a house. Mercifully, the wheel had turned causing the truck to veer to the left enough to turn into a vacant field. Then it turned again into a course parallel with the street, broke away the compound wall between the vacant field and the compound of our neighbour across the way, darted up the little incline on to his flower beds, regardless of the beautiful rose bushes, and shrubbery. There it halted, with its front wheels partially buried in the soft earth.*

We shuddered as we thought of what might have happened if the truck had kept its straight course to the bottom of the hill on that much-travelled road. We thought of the motor cars going in different directions, and of the bend in the road at the bottom of the long hill, with a house in direct line.

A RUNAWAY TEMPER

How very like a runaway temper was that runaway oil truck, that, without anyone at the wheel, had no regard for the rights, privileges, or happiness of others! Were it not for the interposing hand of Providence, it would carry death and destruction in its path much more often than it does.

Our children have wills, and anger comes when the purposes of those wills are thwarted. While it is right and desirable not to thwart the will of a child when the carrying out of the purpose does not work harm or violate principle, still every child must learn that no one can always have his own way, and that it is not best that he should. No one's will always leads in the right direction. That is why God has given children parents and teachers to guide them. The quick-witted parent or teacher may often divert the mind of the child to something else in which he is interested, and perhaps finally tell a story which will leave him in an entirely different frame of mind.

There are little children who so thoroughly crave attention that if they can obtain it in no other way they will get it by display of temper. In such cases it is often wise to ignore the child entirely, for if he cannot gain his point, he will conclude it is not worth while to use that method.

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A child should be taught self-control when small.



This is illustrated by the experience of a school teacher in a community where the people sent their children to school very young.

HE HAD TANTRUMS

Totu was only four years old, and already a spoiled child. He had a way of throwing himself on the floor and kicking and screaming when matters did not move to his satisfaction. His teacher talked to him and punished him, all to no avail. In studying the matter she decided that the next time he did this, she would pay no attention to his tantrum. The next time came, as she had reason to expect it would, and she carried her resolution into effect. When the children looked up to see what she was going to do, she motioned to them to go on with their work, and she proceeded with hers as though there was no noise or anything else unusual in the room. At last the noise subsided; but still she paid no attention to the boy. Finally the little lad arose and quietly took his seat, and that was the last of his "spells," as far as that teacher knew.

At home the child may be left alone to finish his tantrum, or, if more convenient, he may be removed to another room where he will have no audience. A little dash of cold water in the face, without a word, sometimes surprises the child out of his rage. The physical shock is less harmful than prolonged anger. After the child becomes calm, his clothing should receive attention if it has been dampened. And after that, he will be likely to go to sleep.

SELF-CONTROL. THE OBJECTIVE

Help the child to think of the cause of his anger and to untangle the snarl in a better way. Help him to seek for self-mastery. Gradually, very gradually, he learns to reason out his course, and to gain self-control through his own initiative and by the grace of God. Parents should remember that all their control of the child should eventuate in self-control by the child himself, and should ever keep in mind this ultimate object of discipline.



Bad habits are bonds hard to unloose.

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Don't spoil the child when he is sick. So far as possible, discipline must be maintained, for the nervous or sick child needs kind discipline even more than the well child does.

Find the physical causes of temper disturbance, if the causes are physical, and remove them. Many a child has been hampered in his development of mind, and caused to be irritable or moody by some physical defect, such as difficulty with eyes or ears.

When the child enters school, the co-operation of the teacher must be obtained. She will gladly help if she understands.

Never correct a child in anger. The anger of a parent never subdues anger in the child—quite the contrary. But the example of patience in the parent goes a long way in helping the child. Whipping, shaking, ridiculing, or scolding only stir up the fire within to greater heat. Incidentally, shaking and ridiculing are punishments unworthy a sensible parent or teacher at any time.

NOT DESTRUCTION, BUT CONTROL

Do not become discouraged if your child has a high temper. That temper, and the will behind it, guided into proper channels and under

good control, may be a very powerful ally in some good cause. As you have listened to the impassioned plea of someone filled to overflowing with hatred against some terrible evil, such as the selling of liquor to a father who takes his last pice to satisfy his burning thirst while his children are starving, have you thought of any possible connection between this vehement denunciation of wrong and the temper which the man sometimes displayed as a little boy? There is a similarity and a difference. The words selfishness and unselfishness express the difference; and the words initiative, energy, will power, and emotional intensity hint at the relationship. Let self-mastery direct and apply one's initiative, intensity, and energy in the defence and care of the weaker, rather than letting these powers be displayed in selfish anger. Electricity, properly confined and controlled works wonders, but without that control it brings destruction.

It is a problem for the parent and the teacher—a problem in guidance.



A Story

Angry Words

“LET’S play visiting,” said Palamma. “You be Uncle Ramaiah, and I’ll be mother, and I’ll come and pay you a visit.”

“Pshaw!” said Narayan scornfully, “that’s girls’ play, and it’s silly. Let’s play soldiers; that’s ever so much better!”

“It isn’t a bit more silly than soldiers, and not half as hard work. I won’t play it, anyway,” Palamma sat down on the steps in a very determined way.

“You’re mean!” cried Narayan, impetuously. “and I know you’re lazy or you wouldn’t say playing soldiers is hard work. I’d like to play it all day. Come now, won’t you?”

“Oh, Narayan, I can’t,” said Palamma, pushing her hair out of her eyes, “it’s so warm, and I’m so tired.”

“Tired! Pooh! Lazy you mean!” Narayan said, with a contemptuous sneer.

“I’m not lazy,” protested Palamma, “not a bit more than you are.”

“Then come and play,” said Narayan.

“I’ll play visiting,” said Palamma, “but I won’t play soldiers.” Narayan’s temper was up.

“You ugly, good-for-nothing girl. I’ll never play with you



again! I hate you! There now! And I wish you'd never speak to me again as long as you live!"

Narayan did not stop to think of what he was saying. His anger was so fierce and deep that he could not check it, and it poured itself out in a torrent of bitter words. Did I say he could not check it? Perhaps he might have done so, but he did not try.

"I don't care what you say," answered Palamma, very coolly. "I won't play soldiers anyway," she added, with a laugh at Narayan's red face and angry gestures.

Narayan did not answer back, for he was too angry to speak, and Palamma got up and went into the house, leaving him alone. Shortly after, Mrs. Kesava Raju called Narayan, and sent him to the village on an errand.

It was nearly dark before he got back, and his mother informed him that Palamma had gone to bed not feeling very well. So Narayan did not see her again that day. The next morning he was told that she was very sick. She had been taken ill suddenly, and the doctor had been sent for in the night. He came and pronounced it a very bad case of fever.

Poor Narayan! The very first thought that entered his mind was--what if Palamma should die? And then the memory of his cruel, wicked words came up before him, and he felt ashamed of himself; and he could not get the thought out of his mind that if she should die he would feel guilty all his life. How much he would have given to unsay those words! But there was no way in which he could get them back or get them out of his mind. They haunted him continually.

Day by day Palamma grew worse. Narayan pleaded to be allowed to see her for just one moment, but the doctor would not allow it. Strict quietness was ordered, and no one was admitted into the sick room but her parents. It seemed to Narayan that he could not possibly get along a great while longer without asking her forgiveness. He could think of nothing but his unkindness. It seemed

strange that he could ever have used such words to her, his only sister!

At last the doctor said that there was no hope for Palamma. She would die in spite of all he could do for her. When Narayan heard this, he made up his mind that he must see her again. He did not see how he could stand it if she were to die and not tell him that she forgave him for being so unkind, and saying such bad, cruel things. He remembered how she had complained of feeling tired, and he knew she must have felt the approach of the disease

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Vasudev Muljimal

Palamma did get well.



that now had her in its grasp. And he had called her "lazy" when she was not well!

How still the room was where Palamma lay. He was not refused when he asked to see her once more. There was no need of his being kept away any longer, for the disease had gone too far, Dr. Thomas said.

Narayan stood by the bed and looked down into the poor, pale face of his little sister. Great tears welled up into his eyes and dropped over his cheeks like rain, when he saw the change a week of sickness had wrought.

"Oh, Palamma, say you forgive me. Please do, Palamma, for I can't bear it any longer," Narayan cried, and knelt down by the bedside with his face in his hands.

"I love you, Narayan," she replied in a faint, weak voice, and held up her face for a kiss. Narayan kissed her with such a pang at his heart! How he would miss her when she was gone!

Palamma closed her eyes wearily. They thought she was dying, and the doctor lifted Narayan up gently from the bed. But it was not death; after a little while she opened her eyes again, and then with a sweet, touching smile said she was going to sleep. And she did sleep, not the last, long sleep of death, as they imagined it to be, but slumber quiet and refreshing. When she awoke from it, the doctor said she would recover if nothing unforeseen happened. Her disease had turned, and Palamma had a chance to recover after all.

She did get well and Narayan was her most faithful nurse. The lesson he had learned was never forgotten, and he never afterward let his anger get the control of his better judgment.



R. Krishnan

Sharing their pleasures.

THE CHAPTER

The Beauty of Unselfishness

SELFISHNESS has become the prevailing sin of the world. Certainly it is time to take heed to ourselves. Surely we cannot point to our brother and say, "You are selfish," when we have so much of it in ourselves.

What is the reason for all this selfishness? "It is born in us," someone says. Yes, truly it is, but the wrongs that are born in us as a part of our natures are weeds that must be pulled out.

There is in us, besides that with which we were born, a great amount of cultivated selfishness. We adults have much to do to rid ourselves of our own selfishness, and surely we know something about what the struggle costs. In the light of that knowledge we should not only get our own hearts clear but so train our children that we shall not be cultivating selfishness in them.

How do we cultivate and increase selfishness in our children? There are many ways. How often we see children who feel that their wants should receive first attention from father and mother. How do they get that idea? Parents have always from their birth attended to the children's wants first. What else could be expected other than that they would demand it now?

We had often heard it said that Prashad's mother spoiled him. As we observed him reach for the biggest plantain, for the ripest guava, and for the biggest jalebee, we decided that maybe his mother *had* spoiled him.

When he was a grown man he visited his home to see his parents. Mother was so glad to see her eldest and her idol that she hustled around in the morning to prepare coconut milk for Prashad. He accepted it as though it were his right, even though none had been prepared for his father, his mother, or another guest. Why do mothers spoil their boys? If Prashad is never cured of selfishness, it will be because it was not done before he was grown; his parents should have begun when he was a baby. Why didn't they? Because parents do not think or study about such things; they act on impulse.

PATIENTLY EXPLAIN

At first there seems to be no mercy in the child's make-up. He has no sympathy for anyone. That must come through his own experience. When he suffers pain himself; then he can be made to understand that others have pain too. Still he does not realize that his actions have anything to do with more pain or less pain. He does not know that his screaming makes mother's headache worse. All this is a matter of education and more experience. It certainly does not pay to lose patience with him. He must be taught that others have feelings like his own, and that when he is ill or sad it helps him to have more consideration for others. In giving explanations parents often use the vocabulary of adults when they should speak with the greatest simplicity. Do not be discouraged and say it is of no use to try for he does not understand. Little by little he gains understanding, and with the understanding comes sympathy.

Professor O'Shea has aptly said: "When a child comes into this world, nature seems to say to him, 'Look out for your own interests. Whenever you see anything you wish, try to secure it. Make others serve you so that you will be able to add to your pleasures and reduce your pains.'" That is the voice of the natural heart, of course, but the careful, thorough-going, well-instructed parent can change that.

A mother in great mental distress fell to weeping. Her little daughter of three years came into the room, climbed on to the mother's lap, and lovingly wiped mother's tears away with her little chadar. That little girl grew into a very unselfish woman.

Early in life, as early as he can understand, the child should be taught the golden rule and the importance of practising it—taught by the plan of “precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little.”

Suppose there is only one child in the family. Then the parents must put themselves in the place of another child, and the little one must be taught to share his good things with them. For share the children must, or grow up selfish.

One of the most peculiar children the writer ever saw was one who had been brought up alone, an only child. She was bright: she had good, capable parents. But she was queer and selfish, and it seemed that it was attributable to her loneliness. Her mother thought she would be kept from evil if she did not have companions. She had a very good motive for her plan of action. But children to be normal must have other children with whom to play. There are lessons of unselfishness which they must learn from one another. They must learn how to “give and take.” They will “give” commands, for instance for that is their nature: but if they cannot “take” commands they are nearly always sure to be punished by their playmates. Thus they learn. And there are other valuable things lost from the life of a child who has no one but adults with whom to associate.

To safeguard the children, the parent should have them play nearby when they have company. Mother should know what is being said and done without appearing to watch.

SHARE WITH OTHERS

Another, and an early step in teaching unselfishness is to bring to the child's knowledge another's need and his opportunity to help. Before this there should be an effort to teach him to recognize and appreciate his blessings. He learns that he can divide with another who has little or nothing. He has playthings, and Duleep has none. Beget within him a desire to share. At this point great care must be used. Don't crush the unselfish inspiration aroused, but guide in carrying it out. He does not yet have much judgment, and it will be necessary to guide him in his decisions. First, he



T. S. Pandagi

Unselfish children can play happily together.

.....

must not give away what his parents have bought for him without first consulting them.

True unselfishness does not lie in giving what one does not want for the sake of getting it out of the way. While it is right to give to others things that will be useful to them, but which have passed their time of usefulness to their present owners, to give them is not the fruit of an unselfish nature, but rather the fruit of other most excellent qualities—thoughtfulness, thrift, and carefulness. It displays a desire to help, but no self-sacrifice. If there is any sacrifice, it is on the part of the parent in cleaning and repairing the article in order to make it fit to be given. But in guiding the child, do not crush his desire to help.

A further step is to teach the child that there is more than one way of being selfish. He who is determined to have his own way about every matter is perhaps more selfish than the child who does not want to share. It is, too, the meanest kind of selfishness, and the most difficult to recognize in one's self. A lady who was considerate of the physical needs of others

remarked to a friend, "I have plenty of faults, but selfishness is not one of them." But this same lady was a person who was very much determined to have her own way; things must go as she said, no matter what others wished.

"Come, let's play tag."

"No, let's play with the ball."

"No, we're not going to play ball, we're going to play tag."

And that settles it. But that child needs to learn to have some respect for the feelings and desires of others as well as for their physical needs. Cultivate leadership but discourage selfishness.

Stories showing the results of either selfishness or unselfishness have weight with a child. Any concrete illustration is more easily comprehended than a principle or any teaching in the abstract.



A Story

Kittu Changes His Mind

ONE morning Kittu and Malathi and Raju and Kamala were gathering nellikai. They were gathering them from beneath the tall nelli trees in Grandpa Ganpathi's garden.

Each one had a small tin bucket. Rattle! Rattle! Bang! The berries clattered noisily as they dropped into the buckets. At last each bucket was full.

Kittu and Malathi and Raju and Kamala sat down underneath a tall nelli tree. They talked about the berries.

"I'm going to give some of mine to Grandma," said Malathi.

"I'm going to give some of mine to Thangamoni," said Raju. "He's not well."

"I'm going to give some of mine to Miss Leela, my teacher," said Kamala. Kittu didn't say anything. He just sat on the ground with his bucket held tightly between his knees and whistled a little tune. But even though he didn't say anything, he certainly knew what he was going to do with his.

Malathi looked at him. Kamala looked at him, Raju looked at him and said, "What about you, Kittu?"

"I'm going to keep all of my berries," he answered. "Keep them all for myself."

"Oh!" said Malathi. "That's selfish."

"Oh!" said Kamala. "That's very selfish."

"I'd be ashamed," said Raju.

"Well, I'm not," Kittu told them. "My berries are just for me," and a dark frown covered his face.

No one said anything for a long moment. Everyone felt very sad about Kittu's being so selfish.

Then Malathi said, "It's time to eat."

They all jumped up and ran to the little shed in the far corner of the garden for their lunch baskets.

Malathi got her basket.

Kamala got her basket.

Raju got his basket.

But there was no basket for Kittu! He had forgotten to bring his basket.

Malathi had coconut rice, curry, bhajjias and halwa in hers.

Kamala had puri, dry potato curry, and laddu in hers.

Raju had pulao, tomato curry, bhajjias, and laddu.

Malathi spread three plantain leaves on the ground. She and Kamala and Raju sat down beside them. The rice and curry and bhajjias and halwa and laddu and puri and pulao were placed on the leaves. How good the food looked!

Kittu felt so bad about forgetting his lunch basket that he hid behind a big mango tree. He was very hungry. He wished that he hadn't forgotten his lunch basket. To be hungry wasn't very pleasant. He grew hungrier and hungrier. Why didn't his friends give him something to eat?

Suddenly he knew. They were selfish!

"Selfish with their food just as I am with the berries," he told a squirrel perched on a fence near him. "I don't want to be selfish any more."

"Hi!" he shouted. "I'm going to give my berries to Pattu's mother. She makes pickles for a living, you know."

"Hurray!" whooped Raju. "Kittu isn't selfish any more."

What shall
I have?

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"Come!"
called Malathi,
"Here's some rice
for you."

"Here's a
laddu," said Ka-
mala.

Kittu ran
from behind the
mango tree. He
sat down beside
his friends.

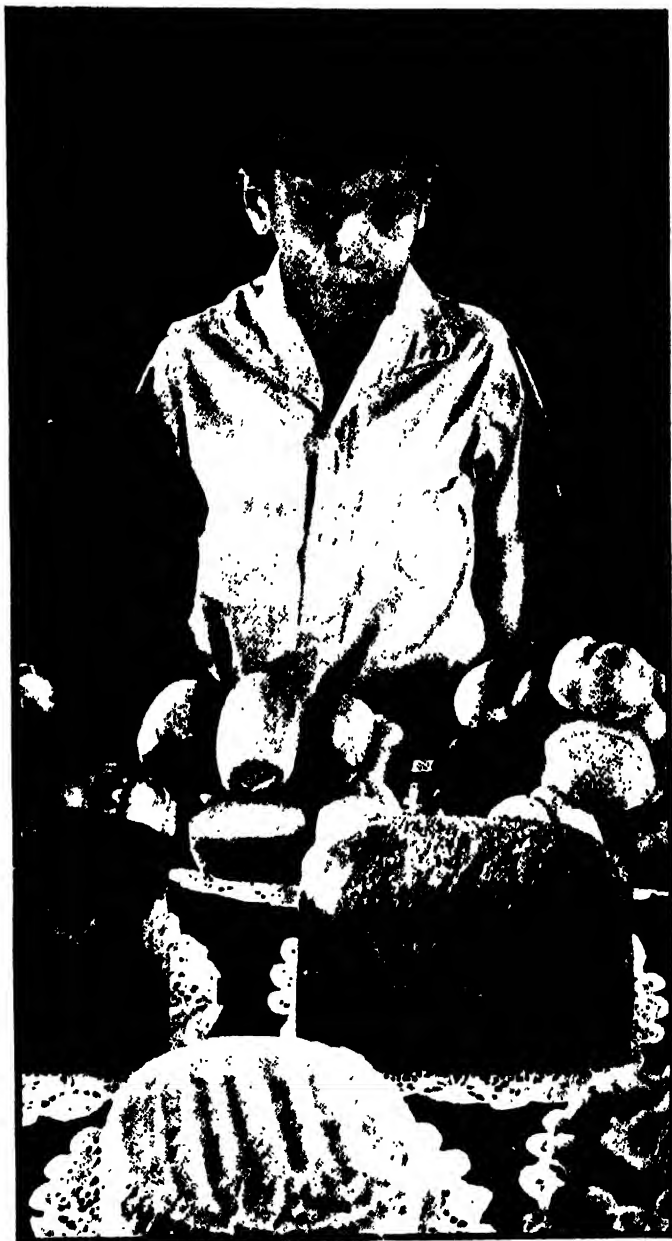
"Thanks,"
he said.

"Even if
you had not
changed your
mind about the
berries," Malathi
told him, "We

were going to give you something to eat after a while."

Kittu ate and ate until he could eat no more. "I'll never be selfish again!" he exclaimed, when his tummy was full.

And so far as anyone knows, he never has been.





5TH CHAPTER

Lazybones!

DO not hear so much about the lazy child as we did thirty or forty years ago. Has he become extinct? What a fine thing it would be if he had! Perhaps the reason we do not hear so much of him now as of old is because of the parents rather than of the boy. Parents have been educated to seek a better understanding of the peculiarities of their children. They have come to look into the health conditions of the child more than they did. They study the "bent" of the child more, and perhaps they wink at more of the childish faults than formerly.

In years gone by many children were called lazy who were not lazy. Perhaps a ryot father expected his son to follow in his footsteps and become a better ryot than he himself was, while the boy's tastes ran in an entirely different direction. He had no love for the tasks of cultivating the fields. His father set him to ploughing the field, and went away to other work, leaving the boy to manufacture his own interests in the work, forgetting that childhood does not possess that interest by nature. Parents forget how they got their interest; and since there was no material in the boy out of which to make that particular type of interest, he had none, and probably either failed to do his work at all, or else did it imperfectly. Then his father said, either to himself or to the boy, or possibly to who-

Plate opposite: Work becomes play if we are interested in it.

ever chanced to be within hearing, "He's too lazy to be of any use." And this certainly did not help the matter at all. At another kind of work the boy might have shown a real interest and worked with a will.

WORKING TOGETHER

There is another side to this matter. Practically all children dislike to work alone. They are social beings, and will work well if father or mother will work with them. There are many advantages to be found in the plan of parents and children working together. The most important of these is the union of heart and mind that is thus encouraged between children and parents.

Almost everybody, child or adult, likes to do the thing he can do well, and dislikes to do the thing at which he knows he is a failure. We all take a just pride in our work when it is well done.

Parents often expect children to know what they have never been taught. When a boy works alone, he has no one to tell him how the work should be done, and no one to ask concerning it.

Why do parents so entirely forget what their own feelings and abilities were when they were children? Or is it an exaggerated idea of what they did and could do when they were young that they compare with what their child is doing? Have they forgotten how their parents got the "big stick" to make *them* do certain things for which they had an antipathy? Or do they remember only the joy and pride they experienced in viewing the piece of work after it was well done? Do they now think they were "just naturally that way"? If they were just naturally that way, it was because their parents gave to them plenty of ambition and energy and superior training from the start.

LIKE PARENT, LIKE CHILD

Some authorities claim that such a characteristic as laziness is not inherited. Be that as it may, it would seem from observation that a man who "lacks ambition" usually has children who lack ambition. No one ques-



K. Muthuramalingam

Busy boys are happy boys.

tions that environment and training enter into the problem.

Something to do! A child habituated to idleness could hardly be expected to have very much ambition. It is harder to find something for a boy to do in India than in some other countries. There is still work that boys as well as girls may and should do. Only yesterday a mother said to me, "Maybe some folks think I'm overdoing things with my boys. We have servants, but they can clean up the house and get the meals if need be, and they do it many times, for there is more to do than the servants and I can manage." This mother has no girls. But suppose she did have—is that any reason why boys should not learn to do those things that need to be done inside as well as out? They may find it very convenient later in life to know how to do these things.

Then, too, the element of selfishness and unselfishness enters into the matter. Mother's needs and health should be considered and should come first in the minds of the children, whether boys or girls. And here is where fathers should enter. Kind, thoughtful fathers—kind thoughtful sons. A father's words and example go a long way in deciding what the son will be.

IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH HABITS

The health habits of the children of today have much to do with how much "pep" for work they have. If bathing, water drinking, and the elimi-

native processes are neglected, the body is filled with poisons. Poisons make anyone lack energy. If too much food is eaten, the effect is much the same, for the body is taxed to throw it off. If the child eats too little food, not enough strength is generated to make him want to work. We are reminded of a story Professor M. V. O'Shea tells:

"A boy, J., seventeen years old, well endowed physically and mentally, was reported to his parents to be failing in his work in the high school. He was not attending to his duties regularly; he was not preparing his lessons properly; and he seemed to be inattentive and indifferent in his classes. One of his classmates who was making an excellent record in school and who had won the admiration and affection of his teachers, though he was not really as strong physically or mentally as J., was asked for his opinion regarding the reason for the inferior work of his classmate, and he replied:

"He has two habits. I know the way he lives at his home, and he does not do anything on time or with any "pep." He eats anything he wishes whenever he feels like it. He gets up at irregular times, and he sits up until a late hour at night, reading or fooling around. He doesn't have any ambition to do anything the best he can."

"This explanation seems to account precisely for J.'s careless work in everything. He has not learned to do any of his work up to a high standard, or to save his energies and use his forces to the greatest advantage by following a regular programme. On account of his irregular habits in eating, sleeping, taking exercise, and the like, he generally feels 'rotten.' He habitually eats more than he needs, especially of any article which he likes. He does not take systematic exercise. When the notion strikes him he may play a game of baseball or perform on the apparatus in the gymnasium and overdo the matter, and then he will be stiff and off colour for a week. He even does not have enough regard for his health to attend to his teeth or take a bath every day.

"At the bottom of this boy's lassitude and mental inertia is his indifference to what those around him think about him. It is all the same to him whether he stands high or low in the estimation of his teachers and his classmates. Quite frequently one sees boys like J. who appear to be

indifferent to the reputation they enjoy among their acquaintances, and it is always difficult to lead them to do anything up to standard.”—*Faults of Childhood and Youth*, p. 130.

HABITS MAKE THE MAN

It is evident that there was a very serious deficiency in this boy's early training. Altogether too little attention is paid to the formation of right habits in early childhood. The child is allowed to form his habits in a haphazard way. Many times the parent thinks, “Let him eat and drink and sleep as he pleases. He's well and happy.” These ignorant parents fail to realize that they may be laying the foundation for lifelong trouble, mental and spiritual, as well as physical. Establish good habits and the laziness usually disappears.

There is another point which should not be overlooked. Many a child's strength is dissipated because of habits of vice, and his vital forces are wasted.

Children have often been considered lazy by parents and teachers when the whole difficulty lay in the fact that the child had adenoids. These interfered with his breathing so much that his system could not get sufficient oxygen to keep the blood cleansed, and poisons were hindering the brain in its efforts to act.

REMOVE PHYSICAL HANDICAPS

A dear little boy from a fine, educated family simply could not apply himself to learn the work of the first grade in school. He *appeared* to be lazy. But when he came to school minus his adenoids he was no more lazy than the other children. To day he is a successful physician, watching to relieve other children of the difficulties from which he once suffered.

Sometimes the “laziness” of a child is due to bad teeth. But someone says, “My children never have toothache.” Perhaps not, but they may, nevertheless, have tooth trouble. It is possible for ulcers on the roots of the teeth to pour poisons into the blood stream without any teeth aching. Great

pains should be taken to teach children proper mouth hygiene, and to see that the teeth are properly brushed and rinsed.

Then there is that thyroid gland which can make no end of trouble. If this gland is too active, the individual is nervous and easily upset. If this gland is not active enough, the person appears to be lazy, lacking in "pep." These difficulties demand the help of a physician.

CREATE NEW INTERESTS

If a child is as active in his play as other children and yet seems to be lazy about his work, it is reasonable to conclude that he is not physically sick, but that something needs to be done to give him new interests in life. By kindness and care, get the co-operation of the child. Oftentimes another can do this much more easily than the parent. The reason for this is that the parent has scolded, argued, cajoled, and punished without the desired reaction on the part of the child. The child has the habit of reacting unfavourably against his parents' efforts in this matter, and he is not easily changed. While we may not believe all that Charles Darwin taught, he is

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Mal P. Bhatt

Learning to be useful.



certainly an illustrious example of a "lazy" boy changed to one who was far from lazy.

Young Darwin was almost a failure at school. He wanted to roam the woods instead of studying or working. His father keenly felt the disgrace of his son's failures. He tried to make a doctor of the young man, but Charles declared that he hated the school and hated that work and simply could not do it. He was then placed in another school with the hope that he might make a preacher. One of his teachers here was a real scientist, and he touched a chord that responded. The boy wrote home that he could not be a preacher, but that he would be a naturalist, and would work hard to be a *real* one. And he certainly came to be very wise on the subjects pertaining to nature. But somehow he seemed to have no power to put himself to the task of accomplishing something for which he did not have a "bent."

THE DAYDREAMER

How important it is for the parent to cultivate the child's will and to teach him to control and stimulate himself. Begin early to impress on the child the idea that he is to *make* himself do the thing he ought to do. Every child likes the idea of being a "big man" and making himself do things rather than having someone else make him do them. In the meantime the parent or the teacher must still be at the helm.

Possibly your lazy boy is a day-dreamer. He wants the approbation of his parents, his teachers, and his friends, but he doesn't do anything well enough to merit it. To satisfy his hunger, he invents in imagination something that in a measure satisfies. For instance, he wishes he could sing well, but he lacks power to apply himself to the study of music. Perhaps he lacks talent. However, his mind dwells on the subject until he imagines himself a great singer standing before audiences in which his parents and his friends are sitting; and when he has finished, the room resounds with applause. He is a success! It is hard for him to come back to a workaday world and find that he is just Prem and not a great singer.

Such a boy needs a real friend who will be patient with him, and who



will help him to do some one thing and do it well, so well that he will deserve praise. Then let his friends praise him. Boys as well as other people like to do the things they can do well. Deserved commendation will make a boy feel more manly, and he will enjoy it far better than the praise he has constructed in his fancy.

SOMETHING TO DO

Perhaps it will justly be said of you and your lazy boy as was said of Charles Darwin and his teacher: "The boy whom other teachers found dull and lazy proved himself under Professor Henslow's inspiring guidance, a marvel of industry and mental vigour."

A wise teacher says: "Parents should teach their children the value and right use of time. Teach them . . . to do something which will honour God and bless humanity."

"Parents cannot commit a greater sin than by allowing their children to have nothing to do. The children soon learn to love idleness, and they grow up shiftless, useless men and women. When they are old enough to earn their living, and find employment, they work in a lazy, droning way, yet expect to be paid as much as if they were faithful."

Construction is easier than reconstruction. How much time and energy would be saved if fine characters were constructed by divinely directed parents instead of having to reconstruct character out of crooked, gnarled lives! Let us emphasize again the formation of right habits in early childhood—right physical, mental, and spiritual habits which make for a self-controlled life.

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R. Krishnan

Plate opposite: Every girl should know how to cook.



K. Muthuramalingam

A Story

I Will Do It

ARUNACHALEM was a tall, strong boy for his age. He could do almost anything that boys can do. He loved to row and play hockey and football. In fact, he delighted in any out-of-door work or play. He was a polite, well-behaved boy. His parents loved him dearly and were very proud of him. Everyone liked Arunachalem it seemed, his teachers along with the rest.

However, there are not many perfect people in the world and Arunachalem was not perfect. For one thing, he had a fiery temper, but a fiery temper is not so bad if its owner has it under perfect control. But Arunachalem did not yet have a good grip on his temper.

He loved to read; that is, he loved to read some things—not school books by any means, but stories of adventure, war stories, any story that was exciting. How his boyish imagination revelled in all the dangerous exploits, and how he longed for the dash and daring of a soldier or a commando!

He went to school as other boys do, but when it came to study, he was positively lazy. The stories that he read made the facts told in school books seem altogether too tame for him. When he did try to fix his mind on his lessons it went off on some incident in a story he had read; and he went to classes with his lessons not more than half learned.

The fact that his teachers were fond of him made them feel very distressed about his lazy ways. Other boys, younger, weaker, and less talented than he stood much higher in all their classes.

At recess time he could run faster, and put a hockey ball into the field more accurately than anyone else on the playground. But those lessons! How he did dislike them, and how his mind wandered away to thoughts more exciting whenever he sat down to study! Mr. Natarajan, the principal of the school, had talked with him at different times about his poor lessons and poor marks and had tried to impress upon him the importance of getting a good education, but to put his mind under control was a task too hard to please Arunachalem. Mr. Natarajan had been patient with him but he knew that to make anything worth while out of the boy was going to be a hard task. It was well for Arunachalem that Mr. Natarajan was a wise, as well as a kind man. He knew that the lad had a good mind, and that his great need was to get control of that mind and put it to work, and not let it continue to play. He resolved that he would arouse ambition in the boy, so he watched his habits and moods a few days longer.

One day when Arunachalem was supposed to have been studying his grammar lesson, but was feeling much like a wild bird does when it is caught and put in a cage, the recitation was called, and of those in the group, he knew the least about the lesson.

The teacher looked stern as this capable, handsome boy stood before him. Now he felt that the time had come for him to act. He knew that no longer could he conscientiously allow Arunachalem to indulge himself in this mental laziness, thus making himself weak and superficial. He must teach him to control himself, mind, and body. He was determined that he would lead him through his own sense of honour and right to self-mastery. He must teach him to control his restless spirit and to train his mind to think closely, reason exactly, and act efficiently.

"Arunachalem," said Mr. Natarajan, "do you want to be a man?"

Arunachalem smiled and answered promptly, "Yes, sir."

"A whole, true, finished man, Arunachalem, that can always do whatever he finds to do, having a power in himself that can fight the bad with the good, and be the victor?"

"Why, yes, sir," answered Arunachalem.

"I thought so. Will you please tell me now what makes just such a man?"

Arunachalem had a pretty good idea of a man; he looked as though he had some independent thoughts concerning a real man, but he did not know how to express those thoughts.

"Speak right out, Arunachalem," said the teacher. "Tell us what you think."

"Why, sir, a man is noble; he does not do anything mean, and he is *somebody*."

"Not a bad definition, my boy. A man, you suppose, does his duty, comes right up to the mark, whether it is pleasant for him or not; and he makes as much of himself as he can?"

"Yes, sir."

"Arunachalem, who do you suppose does the most for one toward making a man of him—a man who, as you say, is *somebody*?"

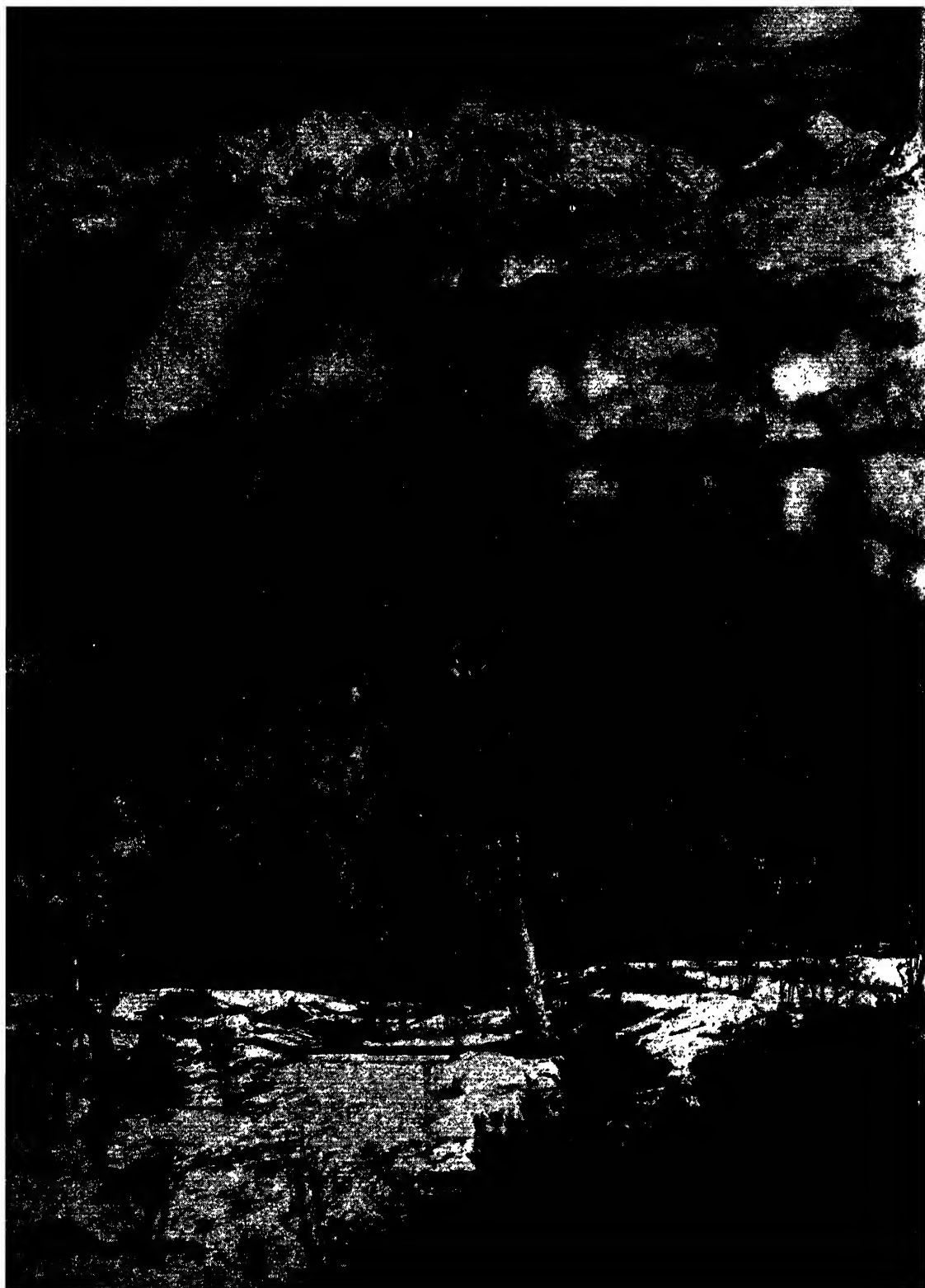
"I don't know, sir, unless it is his father."

"A good father helps a great deal; a good teacher does also; good companions and good books help very much; but the work is done chiefly by the man himself. It is self-work, such as no other

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The lazy man is seldom the successful man.





can do for him, more than all else put together. God gives one a being full of abilities and capabilities to be developed and strengthened and enlarged. All these must be guarded and educated so as to make the most of them in order that the man may do the best work and the most work. Some have more in themselves upon which to build a fine manhood than others; but it is for each one to say for himself how much of a man he will be, whether he will be mean or noble, nobody or somebody. Did you ever think of that, Arunachalem?"

"Not very much."

"So I supposed. You see how it is. One must be determined to correct the bad traits in his character if he would become a good or great man. If he has a hasty, disagreeable temper, he must subdue it, because it is not noble to be overcome by a hateful passion. The weak places in his nature he must train and strengthen as much as he can, or they will be great defects which will shame and hinder him. He must take special care of the slack places. If there is anything in his duties of learning or training that he does not like to do, he must gird his will and his resolution to see that he does not lose his chance of being a man just then."

"You have some fine accomplishments, Arunachalem, and I am very glad for them; they will *help* you to be a man. You can be as brave and noble in many things as any boy I know, and that makes me proud and happy. But oh, the slack spot, Arunachalem. Do you know where it is?"

"The lessons, I suppose," answered Arunachalem.

"Yes; here you are, a bright, strong boy, ready to walk right up to a true, finished manhood if you will; but you come here day after day and sit restlessly and idly, with your hands full of true and important and beautiful work which you leave half done be-



When we take time to study we lay a foundation for the future

.....

cause you are too slack to do it. You do not really want to grow strong and large in intellect, to learn the best ideas of the noblest minds, to reason and compare and calculate, because it costs real effort, and you are not willing to make the effort. I never feel that my pupil, with all his talent for being *somebody*, is sure to become a noble man, full-grown in mind and soul, because he does not take his work with courage and say, 'I will do it.'

"You see the battle is all yours, Arunachalem, and nobody can fight it but you—the battle between duty and discipline on one side and ill-tempered slackness on the other. How shall it be? Will you conquer the lessons and so grow efficient in mind and manly in will? Or will the lessons conquer you while your intellect lies weak and untrained and your manhood becomes only a dwarf compared to the strong, brave character that it might be? In this great life-battle will you be just a common soldier or an officer fit to command yourself and lead other men?"

Arunachalem could not bear to think of being less than a man; he saw and was ashamed of his weakness. But he did not say much that day, and Mr. Natarajan left him to think through his problem. The next day Arunachalem sat down to his study.

"Well, my boy," said the schoolmaster, "have you decided who shall conquer?"

"*I will do it*," answered Arunachalem promptly and emphatically. "Please, sir, see if I don't!"

"That is the point to be gained, Arunachalem, and I believe you will gain it and that you will make a man of yourself—a man who will be *somebody*."

It was hard work, extremely hard work at times, but Arunachalem had awakened to his possibilities, and a dormant determination had been roused to action. Arunachalem conquered in the battle with laziness and slackness.

Years later, he called on Mr. Natarajan to thank him for his kindly advice and help. "'Conquer or be conquered,' as you said it to me that afternoon, has stood by me."

"Rather say that the '*I will do it*' that you uttered the next morning has carried you through," was the teacher's answer.



A Story

Secrets of Success

ANAND came home from school about as blue as a boy could be. As soon as he came on to the verandah his father knew that something was wrong and asked, as Anand slumped into a chair, "What's gone wrong?"

"It's that Mukerjee boy again."

"Why? What has he done?" Father asked.

"Oh, nothing," answered Anand. "They voted him in as school leader today."

"So," said Father. "Were you hoping for that appointment for yourself?"

"Wouldn't have minded," replied Anand. "But Promode Mukerjee is shown favour or something. I didn't stand a chance."

"Are you sure he is favoured?" asked Father.

"No, but I suppose he is," said Anand. "He's the same caste as some of the teachers and gives presents to the headmaster once in a while."

"I don't think so," said his father. "I know Mr. Chowdhury. It could be, you know, that Promode deserves the job. He's a nice boy and a very hard worker."

"Ah, I know," said Anand, "but—"

"I'll tell you something," said Father. "I believe there are reasons why some people receive promotions and some don't. Of course, sometimes unfair things are done, but as a rule there's a reason why a boy or girl gets to be top of the class or captain of the hockey team. There are certain secrets of success, and they apply whether you are in school, at work, or at play."

"I'd like to know what they are."

"I'll tell you," said Father. "There are five of them. First of all there is faithfulness in little things. By that I mean doing everything well, being faithful in the duty of the moment, whatever it happens to be. You remember the saying, 'He that is faithful in that which is least will also be faithful in much.' And you also remember the story of the king who gave a hundred rupees to each of his servants and told them to trade with it until he should return from a far country to which he was going. On the king's return one man brought Rs. 5,000 and the king said to him, 'Well done, my faithful servant. You have been faithful in this little matter. I will make you headman over ten villages.' You must be faithful in little matters if you want to become the proprietor and boss of big things."

Anand looked sober. He knew his weakness well.

"Once upon a time," his father went on, "a sculptor was carving on a statue that was to stand in a niche in a wall. As he worked, the thought came to him, 'If the back of this statue is never to be seen by anyone why should I take the trouble to finish it off carefully?' Then he remembered that God would see it, and continued his work until the statue, both back and front, was as perfect as he could make it."

"So if you want to get an award, if you want to be given the best jobs, you must do everything well. You must study and work as if God were watching you all the time. Those who are unfaithful in little things cannot be trusted to do greater things."

"Well, I do my best, don't I?"



It takes hard work and perseverance to climb a mountain like this.

.....

"Sometimes," replied Father, "but many times you say 'Oh, I'm not interested,' and the work you do is very bad. To succeed you have to make up your mind to do everything well, even the jobs that are uninteresting—the humdrum routine tasks that have no glitter about them.

"Someone has said that the mark of genius is care for detail. It is the careless beginner who says, 'That doesn't matter; what difference does it make anyway?' The expert says, 'Everything matters.' That is the first secret of success."

"What's the second one?" asked Anand.

"Hard work," answered Father.

"Oh," groaned Anand.

"But it is, just the same," said Father. "Too many boys and girls want to get to the top these days the easy way. They don't want to pay the price—and the price is hard work. By hard work I mean working as though you were blind and deaf to everything else until you are through with the job on hand."

"But I work hard," said Anand.

"Now and then," said Father, "but, Anand, you let all sorts of things interrupt you."

Anand smiled; he knew his father was right.

"I'll tell you," continued Father, "to succeed one needs to be so absorbed with the task on hand that he doesn't notice what's going on around him. That's when things get done. And that leads to the third secret of success—persistence."

"What's that?"

"Sticking to it. Working hard for a little while and then taking things easy is not enough. You must keep going on, no matter what happens. That's what it takes to win, Anand," said his father. "We must never give up. If we want to have success and get to the top, we must everlastingly keep at it. There is no other way."

"Well, what's the next secret?" asked Anand.

"Diligence," said Father, "by which I mean making the most of time. Time is our most precious possession. It is far more valuable than money or jewels."

"At the mint where the Government makes our coins, every piece of metal is carefully weighed as it is carried from room to room, lest any be lost. In factories where the more costly metals are used, such as platinum and gold, even the fumes from the chimney and dust on the floor are collected that none of the precious stuff gets away. Even the water is saved in which the workers' work-clothes are washed and in which they bathe."

"But time is more precious than gold or platinum and we should be just as careful to see that we do not waste it. If you valued every moment of your day at Rs. 1,000, how you would watch the moments and make the most of them!"

"Nobody would pay me that much," said Anand who had an eye to business.

"I don't suppose they would," answered his father. "Certainly not at your age, but moments are mighty precious just the same. They are worth more than any money you could get for them because of what you can build into your character as they pass."

"Any more secrets?" asked Anand with half a smile.

“Just one more,” said Father, “and that’s graciousness—the art of being kind and friendly to others. This is perhaps the most important of all the secrets, for it is possible to be faithful and hard-working and persistent and diligent and yet be left behind because of an unpleasant disposition.”

Anand looked very solemn at this for he knew his father had touched a tender “spot.”

“How much it means to have one about who is easy to get along with! Who is not for ever finding fault and grumbling! Who is not always suspicious about others and picking quarrels over nothing! The story is told of Daniel who was a prisoner in the court of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, that ‘he was promoted above all the presidents and princes because an excellent spirit was found in him.’”

“You know, Father,” said Anand, “I’m beginning to get an idea about Promode Mukerjee.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean—er—why they elected him leader of the school. Come to think of it he is just that sort of fellow. So nice and friendly with everybody. He’s a fine chap.”

“There you have it!” laughed his father. “He succeeded because he followed the rules of true success.”

“Maybe he knows these five rules,” suggested Anand.

“I don’t know, I never told him,” said Father, “but, Anand, now you know them and you can succeed too.”

Anand’s eyes lighted up as he cried, “You’re right, Dad. I’ll try. Maybe next year they’ll choose me!”



Pranlal K. Patel

A cheerful disposition helps things along.

5TH CHAPTER

Good Manners and Courtesy

EVERYWHERE we go we should carry with us the atmosphere of kindness, courtesy, and cheer. Above all, the environment of the home where the children are forming characters should be of the right kind.

True courtesy is quite well explained by the "golden rule." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is one of the sayings that should be committed to memory as early as the child is able to understand it. But oftentimes a child does not stop to consider what he does want others to do to him, and therefore miserably fails to do as he really would like to be done by. Adults too, are more or less careless and thoughtless.

If the family attends a musical entertainment, it would hardly be doing as one would be done by to whisper while the musicians are doing their parts. Neither the performers nor those who are listening would feel fairly treated. That being true, it is neither good form nor acting in accordance with the golden rule. Many times it is necessary to remind children in a tactful way that Mrs. Gopulam can play the piano better if we are listening. A musician feels disorder many times even when he does not see it.

PARENTS—BE EXAMPLES

People enjoy being with a courteous person while they have a hard

time to keep from disliking one who is rude and boorish. Yet the majority of parents are neglectful in teaching good manners. In some cases they even regard the teaching and practice of etiquette as cultivating a weakness, or think that it is affectation. But if we wish to have an influence for good over people, we must be polite. It is as important to be polite in dealing with our children as with anyone else. Our example has more weight than our words. It exercises a powerful influence on our children.

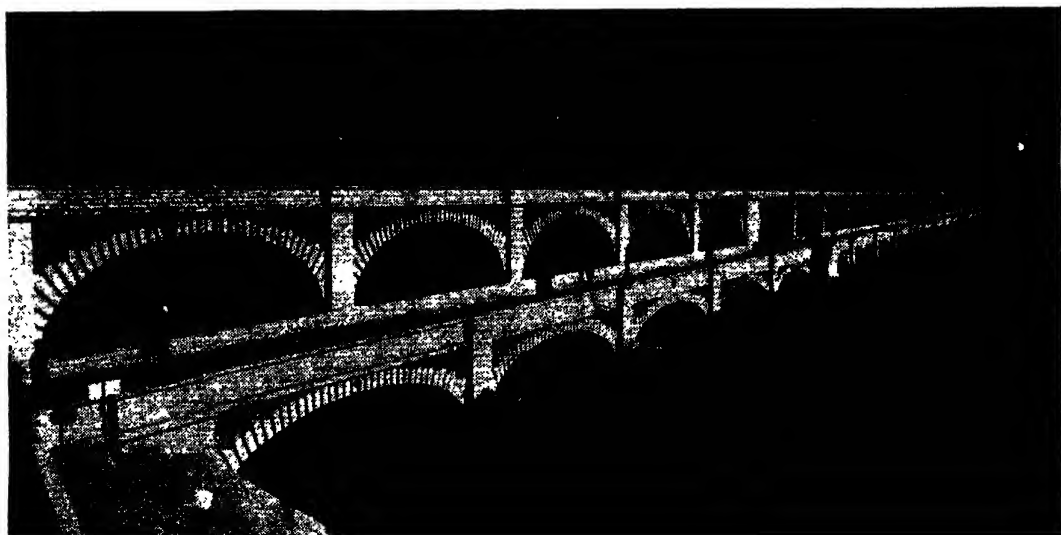
SPONTANEOUS POLITENESS

If good manners are taught and practised in the home always, then to do so she had to pass between her little boy and the light. She very courteously asked, "Will you pardon me, dear, if I go between you and the light?"

A mother needed to go to another part of the room one evening, and to do so she had to pass between her little boy and the light. She very courteously asked, "Will you pardon me, dear, if I go between you and the light?"

He looked up from his pictures, and said, "Why did you ask me that, Mother?"

Sukkur Sind—Sukkur Barrage, south side showing water at low level.



She replied, "It would be rude to do it without asking. Now if a guest were here I would not think of going between him and the light without saying something. Should I be rude to my own little boy?"

After thinking a minute, the boy asked, "What ought I to say back, Mother?"

The mother then had the opportunity to help him figure out what would be a polite reply. That boy as a college student was marked for his polite manners. Another said of him, "It seemed to be second nature for him to be polite."

Parents must be what they wish their children to become. But they must do more—they must also give definite training. It is a case of precept and example going together.

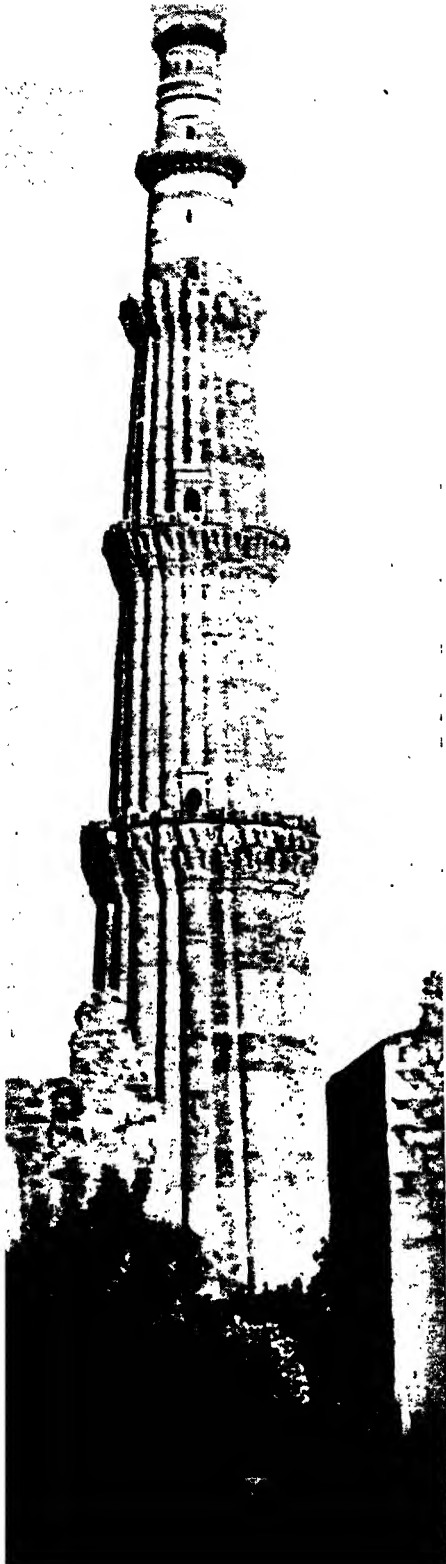
THE GOLDEN RULE APPLIED

Being courteous is living the golden rule—“All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” But there are some things attached to politeness that would not suggest themselves as being related to that rule. For instance, probably the child would not be able to see any relationship between the golden rule and going to meals with a dirty face, but the grown-ups certainly would! Help him in an understanding of it. For to refined people the appearance of a dirty child at mealtimes is unpleasant.

TRY NOT TO OFFEND

Some rules are more important than others. Every one wishes to be strong and to wield an influence for good. To accomplish this we must not do anything that to others is offensive. Righteousness, however, is far more important in any life than the *rules* of etiquette. The golden rule and decorum are a part of the righteous life.

The child is not born polite. If he is to be polite, he must be taught to be so. It is not at all necessary that he should be taught everything included in books on etiquette. Teach the more important things to the child first, and let the rest be secondary. When he is a little older, place books



OUR CHILDREN

in his hands that will be of value to him. Help him or her to become the true man or true woman. If we wish to associate with people of refinement, we must be refined.

STUDY TO BE QUIET

Really refined people are quiet in their speech, especially in public places. In the hotel, in the shop, in the office, in the museum, and surely on the street and in the bazaar we and our children should be quiet. People decide what we are by the way we act in public places and by the clothing we wear and the way it is put on.

Boys so often go along the city streets, dodging in and out and here and there, shouting to people they know, and sometimes to people they do not know, and at other times shouting just to make a noise. Girls talk in loud tones and giggle as they go. This applies particularly to girls who are from twelve to sixteen years of age. They show the need that should have been met when they were very little girls. Some of them attract attention to themselves because they want it; others do so ignorantly and thoughtlessly.

AN EXCELLENT REASON

This is a most excellent reason why a girl should be quiet, dress modestly, and go about in a businesslike way, giving no attention what-

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Qutab Minar, Delhi.

ever to any except to those to whom she has been introduced by those who have her welfare at heart and with whom she has definite acquaintance.

It would go without saying that no girl who has been properly trained and who has self-respect will drink a drop of beer, wine, or liquor, or make any use of cigarettes. What is wholesome for a girl is likewise wholesome for a boy. God has charged us to be clean, and surely the liquor and tobacco user is not clean.

ACTIONS WELL TIMED

There are times to laugh and times to weep, and it is very unfortunate if these become transposed. It is nothing short of cruelty to laugh at the misfortunes of others. Neither do clean-minded people see anything at which to laugh in an obscene joke. There are those who seem to enjoy the vulgar and vicious in conversation. But a gentleman should be so far above things of that kind that he does not even hear them.

Never laugh at the physical eccentricities of others. They may be the result of some lamentable mishap.

Make it your business to be on time wherever you go. It speaks well for a child when the teacher says, "Roma has not been late for school this year."



A Story

Company Manners

WELL," said Asha very emphatically, "I think Jatinder Nath is the best boy there is, anyhow."

"Why so, dear?" I asked as I sat down with the group of children, nearly all cousins of mine.

"I can tell," interrupted Manohar. Asha likes Jatinder because he is so polite."

"I don't care. You may laugh if you want to," said little Asha, "but that *is* one of the reasons. He is nice, and he doesn't stamp and hoot in the house. He never makes fun of me, or laughs when I fall down."

"Asha wants company manners all the time," said Manohar; and Leela added, "We should all act grown-up to please her."

Asha answered very quickly, "Well, if growing up would make some folks more agreeable, it is a pity we can't grow up very quickly."

"Manohar, what are company manners?" I asked.

• "Why—why—they're—why it's behaving, you know, when folks are here, or when we go visiting."

"Company manners are good manners," said Ram.



A smiling face is included in good manners.

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"Oh, yes," I said in a meditative sort of way, "I see; manners that are too good for Mother, but just right for Mrs. Kanta Lal."

"That's it," cried Asha.

"But let's talk it over a little bit. Why should we be more polite to Mrs. Kanta Lal than to Mother? You don't love her better, do you?"

"Oh, my, no, indeed!" chorused all the voices.

"Well, then, I don't see why Mrs. Kanta Lal should have all that is agreeable, why the tones soften, and 'please' and 'excuse me' should abound in her house and not in Mother's."

"Oh, that's different! And Mother knows we mean all right."

"Well, can't a boy be just as happy if, like our friend Jatinder, he is gentle to the little girls, and doesn't pitch his little brother into a ditch, and lets other boys and girls have their rights? It seems to me that politeness is just as suitable for the playground as for the home."

"Oh, of course, if you would have a fellow give up all fun," said Manohar.

"My dear boy," I answered, "that is not what I want. Run and jump and shout on the playground as much as you like, but do it with politeness, and you will find just as much fun in it. You sometimes say that I like Jatinder better than any of the rest of my child friends. How can I help it? For though he is lively and frolicsome and has a good time, his manners are always good. You never see him occupying an easy chair while his mother or any other older person sits on a hard one. If more than one person is going out, he does not rush ahead to get out first, but rather holds the door open while the others pass through it. If someone comes in, warm and tired, it is Jatinder who thinks to get him a drink of cold water. Then he gets a fan and hands it to the tired visitor. He does all these things and many more, and does not have to be told to do them. And it does not spoil his own good time in the least.

"These attentions are not only given to me or Mrs. Kanta Lal or any other guest, but to his mother, his Aunt Janak, or his little sister. At home, at school, or at play, he is always guarded against rudeness. His courtesy is not simply for visitors, but is like a well-fitting garment and is worn all the time. His manliness is genuine loving-kindness. In fact, that is exactly what true politeness is—carefulness for others and watchfulness over ourselves lest we interfere with the comfort and happiness of other people."



Some men are proud of their muscles.

7TH CHAPTER

True Pride

WISDOM says, "Pride, arrogance, an evil life, and lying lips—I hate them." It seems today that the people we meet as a rule have no condemnation to pronounce against pride, but in this proverb pride is placed in very bad company and the wisdom from above hates it. The proud person is not hated; it is the quality, pride, found in some people that is objectionable.

What is pride? The dictionary says, "Inordinate self-esteem; an unreasonable conceit of superiority in talents, beauty, wealth, rank, etc."

Why should anybody "have an unreasonable conceit" over any quality or possession that he has? What he has, and the power to acquire it, were given to him. If one is beautiful in face or figure, did he make himself so? He may take care of the physical beauty given him so that it may not be wasted. By giving attention to posture he may keep the symmetrical, handsome figure nature and his parents gave him. Thus his head is up, his chin in, his body straight, every part of it being in proper position. Is this because he is proud? It might be, but it certainly should not be. In the beginning God made man upright, both in body and mind. He made him perfect. He designed him to continue to be perfect in soul, mind, and body. He wanted him to use his powers in such a way as to keep himself as near perfection as possible. Does that reasonably leave room for pride of appearance? No, for God gave him his body and instruction on how to care for it.



Some are very proud of their homes.

Cement Marketing Board

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Pride of wealth! But who gave man the power to get wealth? If God did, how can man assume any self-esteem over the matter?

Many take much pride in their talents. One has a great talent for music. Almost invariably one or both his parents, and possibly one of his grandparents, were musicians.

Of another the teacher says, "That boy is a good speller. He hardly ever misses a word." And someone who knew his father as a boy answers, "Oh, of course! His father was just like that." God gave that tendency to the boy through the father. So the boy has nothing of which to boast.

PRIDE—THEN DOWNFALL

Pride has brought the downfall of millions. Lucifer, in heaven, who became the devil, was the first to be lifted up because of his beauty. From that day to this he has been very successful in gaining subjects for his kingdom of beauty. Others are lifted up because they possess great capabilities. The tempter cares little how people are prepared to serve him; his chief desire is to get them as his subjects. All the way along from the beginning of the history of the world, the hearts of many have been lifted up because of some real or fancied possession, material or otherwise. One learned writer admonishes:

"For I say through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among

you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to **think soberly.**"

This seems to be a very difficult subject on which to think soberly. It seems difficult for human beings to weigh themselves properly, so it surely takes much sober, correct thinking to evaluate one's own self; to keep a right distance on the one hand from an inferiority complex, and on the other from thinking too highly of one's self.

Children are mostly what their parents and teachers make them, and if they are to make a real success in their training, thought must be given to this matter of pride and self-conceit.

NATIONAL EXAMPLES

If the child lied or stole, the parent would be roused to action at once; but he does not seem to notice when pride is displayed, and often really encourages it. Some of the most severe lessons given to men and recorded in history came as punishment of pride. It has been said that "A man's pride shall bring him low," and that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

We see these statements fulfilled in cases in ancient history such as those of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Absalom, and many, many others. Old records tell us of nation after nation which have been brought low because of pride. The ancient kingdoms of Israel and Judah are notable illustrations. It was because of their pride that they demanded a king. Isn't it strange that they should esteem themselves below the nations about them because God was their King? They wanted a visible king that they might be *like* the nations around them. Pride puts some very strange ideas into the heads of people. Why should we be proud of being like the "nations around us?" But that is as true today as it was in the days of Israel. We want to be like others with whom we come in contact, and yet God has said the people who follow Him are to be different. So let us, as parents and friends of the youth, get rid of the qualities in ourselves that God hates.



FLATTERY ENGENDERS PRIDE

Unfortunately many people do not hesitate to tell a little child that she is pretty, or to express that opinion to someone else in her presence. They discuss her beautiful clothing, thus calling her attention to herself and she early decides that showy, extravagant clothing makes her look more beautiful. Every child should have cultivated within it a desire to be dressed in neat, clean clothes. Parents in their desire to avoid encouraging pride should not dress their children in odd, freakish clothing; such dress induces an inferiority complex. Their attire should be "pretty" in the sense of being in good taste and of good, neat material. Then the fewer comments the better. A gentleman or lady should be noted for their simplicity of dress and appearance. If there is anything conspicuous about them, let it be real refinement.

If the girl has curly hair, do not praise it. Once upon a time an aunt curled around her finger a little girl's hair, and knowing that others admired that hair, she thought to offset any pride that might be rising in the child's heart by saying, "I think straight hair is just as attractive as curly hair." Do not educate into our children faults that in later life will cost them many struggles and real anguish of mind. Children should be taught that pride is a sin, and why it is a sin, and how it has brought the downfall of many.

PRIDE LEADS TO DISHONESTY

Some children, especially some little boys are very proud of their prowess. They tell wonderful tales of the brave deeds they have performed, which really they have not done at all. There are, of course, two serious wrongs in this: lack of honesty and presence of pride. These faults sometimes go with the boy into manhood. This is illustrated by the tall tales that some fishermen and hunters tell.

Not long ago a lady had occasion to take her watch to one who makes a business of repairing watches. He was told that he was not to make any changes in the springs of the watch, as she knew he had a knack of putting

in coarser springs, thus making it necessary to wind the watch twice a day instead of only once. He said, "Why, don't you know that I was the originator and maker of that particular style of watch?" The woman searched his face for a moment and the change that came in it told her that in his pride of ability he was misrepresenting. Then she knew that he still had the boyish fault of bragging about what he had not done.

PRIDE OF DRESS

Do we as parents and teachers set the right example before the children in the matter of dress? Do we make proper use of our money or do we unnecessarily spend many rupees on our bodies? Is our example before the children and youth that of selfish spending? Do we buy just because we fancy the things we see in the shops or do we buy because we really

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R Krishnan

Is she proud of her dress?



need the things we purchase? Do we buy unnecessary trimmings? Or is our attire from the top of our heads to the soles of our feet plain, simple, neat, and durable? If so, then we can help our children and our young people to see the importance of these things. Teachers and all others are held responsible for their influence, for people in prominent positions have a greater influence than others.

“MAKE-UP”

The use of “make-up” is becoming more and more prevalent among our “modern” young Indian women, and we should certainly discourage any such “mutilating” of the Indian woman’s natural beauty. Such artificial aids are really lacking in beauty and call attention to the body rather than to the soul and mind of the individual.



A Story

Prize-Giving Day

SEVERAL school girls were grouped together, busily talking. "Oh, the saris we have to wear on prize-giving day will be perfectly lovely!" said Seethamma. Sri Laxmi is going to wear white organdie, and Devamani's sari is pale blue silk. Devamani knows what she should wear to be at her best. Leelamma has white silk crepe."

"And what is Sarabhai's?" asked the girls, all talking at once.

"Mother and Sarabhai haven't settled that yet. Sarabhai wants red silk, but mother says a white sari is the only proper thing for prize-giving day. When mother went to school the girls had to dress very simply."

"I imagine the sari borders were quite different in the days when your mother won the literature prize."

"Yes, just think of it, girls, her sari was plain muslin, and the blouse was made of white cotton."

"My mother says it was a great deal more sensible than the way the girls dress now. It seems that all the girls talk about now is sari, sari."

"Oh, I think it is splendid! I mean to make a sensation when I collect some prizes," said Jaya Laxmi.

"If she ever gets a chance," whispered Seethamma, "for certainly she would have to work very hard. It has stopped raining; let's go." And the merry group scattered to their homes.

Meanwhile Prema Kumari sat in the dressing room adjoining the hall where the girls were standing. The door was open. She raised her eyes from her book as she heard the voices. Saris! She had not been thinking about them. Her head had been so full of philosophy, literature, chemistry, and essays that she had not thought of the fact that she ought to have a new sari. She heard them say silk and organdie. She knew she might as well think of cutting a piece out of the blue sky above her for a sari as to think of either one of those.

She had been so happy with her books, so grateful for the privilege of going to school, and so glad that the time was near when she could teach and help her hard-working father and mother to educate the younger ones in the family. She had known that her family was poor and that the parents of her classmates were rich, but she had never thought much about it. Her schoolmates were kind to her, and she felt that they loved her. Even haughty Devamani found it very convenient to come to her for help in her lessons, and seemed to appreciate her. She had among her treasures many a sweet little note and some other things which Sri Laxmi had given her.

But now uppermost in her mind as she walked home was the question of a sari. Her family lived in a very poor little house on a poor street. As she went in she found her mother with a big basket of mending beside her. Her foot was on a stool and baby was holding fast to it and trying to walk. He gurgled and laughed at the sight of his sister. She walked over and picked him up and carried him to the window. She was thinking hard.

At last she turned to her mother and said, "Mother, what am I going to wear on prize-giving day?"

Her mother sighed; she had thought much about that lately.

"I don't know, Prema," she said at last. "I had hoped to get

you a neat white sari. I have saved a pice or an anna whenever I could, but I haven't enough to get you anything expensive. You know times are hard, and your father's wages were lowered a month ago."

"I know, Mother. But what can it be?"

"I don't see, dear, how it can be anything better than light chadar."

"Oh, Mother! A chadar?"

"Yes, dear, I know."

"But the others are wearing silk and organdie and crepe."

"Yes, dear, I understand. You know Mother would if she could." Her voice trembled as she said it.

"Yes, Mother, never mind; it will be all right."

Prema set the baby down and went to her little room. After a while she returned and prepared the evening meal, but she did not appear to be hungry, and the children wondered what made her so quiet.

When she went to bed, and Bhudevi and Rama Devi were fast asleep, she sat down by the window to think it out, and the tears began to flow. "It is hard, very hard," she said, and the tears came faster and faster. But by and by it was settled in her mind, and she slept the sleep of one whose conscience is at rest.

In the morning she cheerfully asked her mother, "When shall I go for my sari, Mother?"

"Do you think you can be satisfied, Prema?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course I can. People must look at me when I take my prize and not at my sari."

• "Here is the money then; I saved it as I could."

Prema realized that was so as she felt the weight of the pice and annas. She realized too how hard it must have been for her mother to save this much.

Bhudevi wanted to go with her to buy the sari, so she had to wait to comb out her tangled hair before starting.



"I was afraid Prema would be broken-hearted," said the mother fondly as the girls left, "but I do believe she is the best girl a mother could wish for."

Soon the girls reached the shops and found themselves very busy turning over great piles of saris. Now they thought this one the prettiest of the whole lot, and then they found another that was prettier still. Finally Prema selected the one that she liked the best, but Bhudevi said, "Oh, Prema, take this, it is prettier." Prema looked at it and thought to herself, "It doesn't matter much, I'll please my little sister." So they were soon leaving the store with the package.

Just in front of the steps was an old man tottering along leaning on an umbrella. A careless coolie in passing knocked it out of his hand. Prema sprang to pick it up, and in turning, after handing it to him, almost ran into a richly dressed lady who had just stepped from a motor car.

"Good morning, Prema," said a young girl who was following the lady.

"Good morning, Sri Laxmi," answered Prema, and as she waited to let a lady pass, she heard Sri Laxmi say, "Mother, that's the girl I have told you about—the one in our class."

"A very sweet face," replied Mrs. Venkataswamy, as Prema turned away in embarrassment.

The next few days were busy ones. The sewing of the new blouse went slowly, for there were many duties to receive the attention of the mother. Baby, of course, must not be neglected. The work on the blouse was done very neatly, and the children thought it was beautiful.

The next day was the time for examinations to begin. Prema had stopped after school in the quiet schoolroom to go over some literature questions and to fix them in her mind, when she heard Devamani saying, "I wish someone would go over these questions with me. I can't learn them unless I go over them once out loud. Won't someone help me?"

G. I. P. Railway Publicity Bureau

The Pearl Mosque.

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But the girls all had too much to do for themselves, and too, they knew it would not be a very interesting task, for Devamani was the poorest student in the class. Prema saw her coming out of the dressing room crying. That was too much for Prema and she said, "What is it, Devamani? Can I help you?"

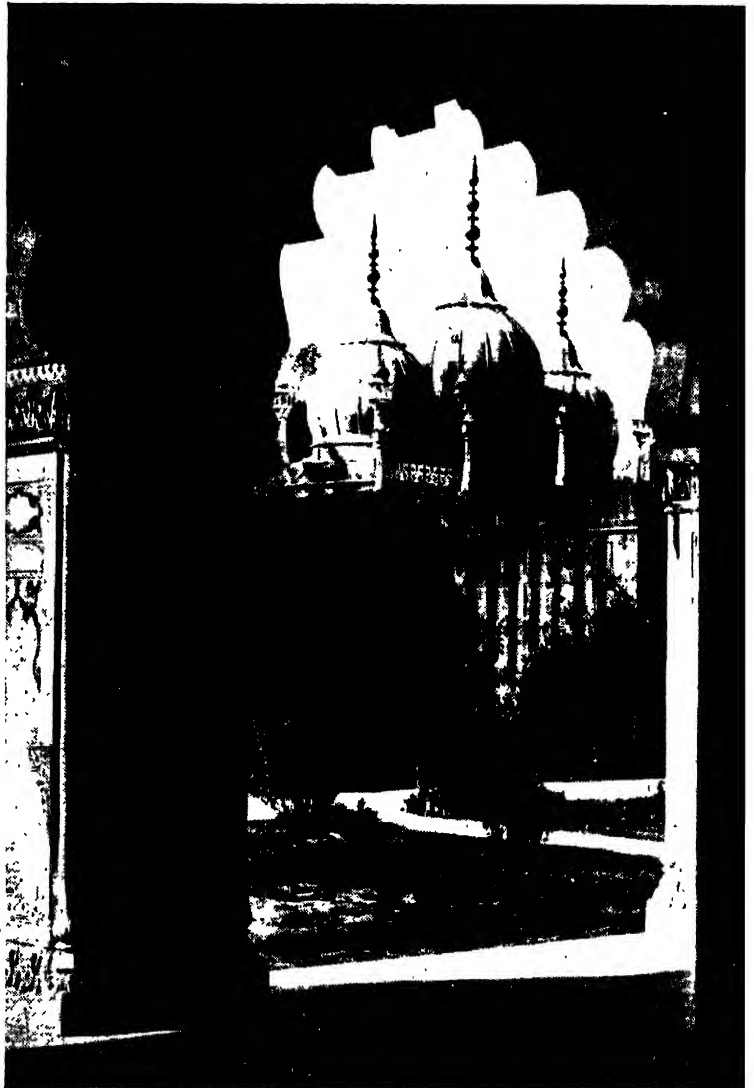
Devamani turned. "Is that you, Prema? I want to go over my questions with someone, and the girls are all too busy. They had time enough for me when I had a tuck parcel last week."

"I'll help you, Devamani."

"Oh, Prema, that's so good! When?"

"Now and here," was the reply.

It was nearly dark when the two girls left the building—the one to go to her home and the other to the dormitory. They were two-thirds through the questions then.



"We'll finish tomorrow night, and be all ready for the next day," said Prema.

"Thank you, Prema. I never studied so hard before, but you see, my father is to be here, and he says if I do well he will give me a wrist watch; but if not, I cannot have one for two years."

"I hope you will," said Prema heartily, "and I think you will too." But she wondered about her own lesson till she found that helping to fix it in Devamani's mind had been better for her than study would have been, so she felt well repaid for helping a classmate.

The night before the great day, Prema came home to find the new blouse still unfinished. Baby had been sick all day, and the mother looked pale and anxious. The blouse still lacked some of the trimming, and it was already nine o'clock. Prema Kumari had worked late to get the last of her school work finished and handed in. She went up to her room alone for a few minutes and then came down, saying, "Let me try it on, Mother; the children want to see it before they go to bed."

Their exclamations of "Pretty!" "Lovely!" "Beautiful!" satisfied Prema; and she said, "We will just hang it away for tonight and I'll iron the sari in the morning, and then I'll come out like a rani! See if I don't!"

"But you wanted more trimming on it."

"No, Mother, you are not going to work on this tonight; it is all right just as it is."

The look of relief and gratitude on her mother's tired face made Prema feel very happy.

On this same evening before prize-giving, Sri Laxmi called a meeting of the class, about which Prema knew nothing. Sri Laxmi began the meeting with:

"Now girls, I've found out something splendid for us to do. Prema Kumari has to wear a chadar for prize-giving. Of course she felt pretty bad at first. Our ayah saw the sari and blouse and

she says it is as pretty as chadar *can* be. Now you know Prema is just as good as she can be. There's not one of us she hasn't helped in some way."

"That's so," said Devamani.

"She is going to sing in the programme after the prizes are given out," continued Sri Laxmi. "Now let each of us promise to get someone who knows her to bring a bouquet of flowers to present to her."

To this they all agreed. "And let us put our money together and get her a pretty white fan, a really good one." In a moment they had money to get the fan.

Prema Kumari presented a pretty picture in her neat new sandals and chadar sari and blouse with a rose-bud for decoration in the place of jewellery.

When she arrived at the building and saw the richly dressed ladies going in at the front door, her heart sank a little, so she stole up the back way and slipped into a little classroom. The girls were waiting for her. As soon as they saw her, Sri Laxmi called, "We have something nice to tell you. Come, Devamani."

In a soft voice Devamani said, "Dear Prema, please accept this from your school friends. We all want you to remember us." And she passed the little parcel, done up in tissue paper and tied with white ribbon, to Prema. They all watched the sweet, surprised face on which tears chased smiles and then smiles chased the tears away. When she could speak, she thanked them most heartily.

Then Sri Laxmi led her to the dressing room and said, "I brought some flowers for your hair. Let me put them in. There! That's lovely!"

"You thought of me?" said Prema with wonder.

"Why, of course. You have helped me to be a better girl, Prema, and I shall thank you for it always."

Then they all went down to the school hall and took their seats. After the prizes were given out they gave their programme

and were thanked by applause and bouquets. Prema Kumari was so happy that her face was radiant. She had no thought of fear and sang her song clearly, putting meaning and feeling into it. But when it was finished and Prema turned to go to her seat, there was a storm of applause led by Mrs. Venkataswamy, and the bouquets came thick and fast. Prema Kumari sat down with her lap full of flowers and more beside her chair. All the school learned that love in the heart makes fair the simplest dress.





8TH CHAPTER

Is He Afraid?

THERE are fears that are necessary and important to every human being and there are others that are a great disadvantage to them. We fear wild beasts and keep distant from them. We fear contagious diseases and avoid contact with them unless we have duties in connection with them. We fear fire and that fear causes us to be careful when using it. We fear motor cars when driven by careless drivers, and take pains to protect ourselves from all such drivers by keeping out of their way. Children fear the disapproval of parent or teacher, and they work hard in order to avoid disapproval.

Even the birds and animals have fears. Watch that bulbul on the ground. He listens and very soon he darts forward and takes some tasty tit-bit, but he looks this way and that first to see if everything is perfectly safe. If he decides that it is not, he quickly rises in the air with the tit-bit hanging from his beak. Note that pretty squirrel running across the porch roof, glancing around to see if anyone is near. If he discovers you while he is trying to get a drink from the tank away he goes into the tallest tree. He doesn't know you wouldn't hurt him, and neither does the bulbul. He just fears because he doesn't know what will happen. He only knows he must take care of himself and be sure he is safe.

WHOLESOME FEARS

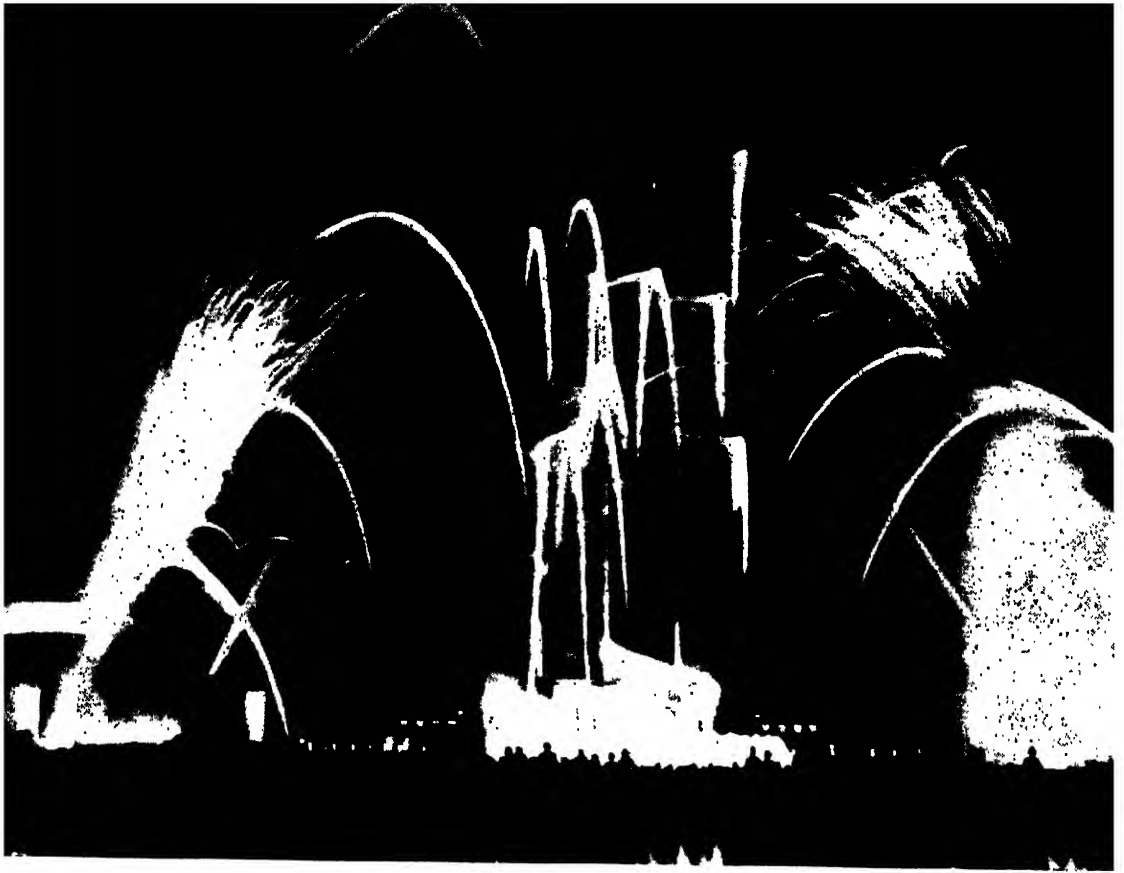
These desirable fears are for the protection of man and the little creatures about him. There seem to be only two fears with which a child is born—the fear of a loud, sharp noise, and the fear of falling. The psychologists tell us that he *learns* his other fears. Mothers say, “I’ve never allowed anyone to tell terrifying stories before my children,” but we don’t always know what they’ve heard told, nor how their little minds have reacted to stories they have heard even in their own homes. Through their lack of knowledge and experience they sometimes give strange interpretations to statements they have overheard.

One child is afraid of feathers; another of thunder; another of some animal, usually an imaginary one unlike anything real; many are afraid of something strange; others fear someone hidden in a dark place; and there are many other fears.

Usually the child doesn’t know how he came to be afraid of the certain thing that troubles him. It is related of one child that she was very much afraid of feathers. The feel of them made her panicky. The mother set her own mind to work and recollected that at one time she had a feather collar which she fastened with a brooch. The baby clutched the feathers, and was scratched by the brooch that held the collar. The child was too young to comprehend more than that something in the feathers hurt her. How was she to know that there was not something in all feathers to hurt little girls? In such a case, if the mother could visit a fowl yard and pick up some pretty feathers, she could very tactfully interest the child in them, one at a time, and by getting her to take them in her hands she would thus break down the fear.

EXPLANATIONS HELP

To a child old enough to understand, explain the relationship of the thunder and lightning. Get him to watch to see how long it is between the flash of lightning and the thunder. Just here take into consideration your own fear of lightning. You cannot cure your child of his fear of lightning



Night miracle at New York Fair.

World Wide Photos

while you show the slightest sign of the same emotion. No matter how you may feel, you must put on a brave front without any indication of distress. Don't ever tell your child that the thunder is the voice of God—as many a mother has done. Don't do anything that will make him afraid of God's voice. Don't give any mistaken ideas of God.

Children should not be permitted to frighten one another. They should be so trained that they will not want to do it. Nervous affections which last a lifetime and cause much suffering are liable to come from such experiences.

A little boy was playing in the compound. An older boy dropped a brick from the second-storey window, expecting it would fall beside the little lad and frighten him. But it fell on top of his head and crushed his skull. What an antipathy we feel toward that boy for his wicked, reckless deed! But that boy might have been trained in such a way that he would not have done a thing like that.

IMAGINARY FEARS

Imaginary fears are the worst kind to overcome, since the child is more diffident about saying anything about them. He fears that he may be ridiculed. This matter of fears furnishes another reason why parents should keep perfect confidence with their children. Fathers, mothers, keep close to your boys and girls. Never ridicule them no matter what they do or say. It will save you and them many a heartache if they feel absolutely free to go to you with anything and everything.

The story is told of a certain college professor who says he never opens an almirah door if he can help it. He works about until someone comes and opens it for him. This particular fear came from his brother's making a strange-looking animal out of a potato, making its eyes shine with phosphorus, which to a little brother looked terrifying, placing it on a shelf in an almirah and pushing the boy in, telling him that it would devour him if he was found there alone.

FEAR IS TORTURE

But we must come to understand something more about the fears that distress children—and we use that word “distress” advisedly. Many are wont to make light of them as not amounting to anything. They ridicule the children for even thinking about such things. Somehow many of us do not seem to be able to put ourselves in the place of the child. Children really suffer when they are attacked by fears—suffer more than we are able to comprehend—and it is nothing short of cruelty to force them to endure their suffering without any help from their parents.

Take for example a little boy of five who is afraid of the dark. His mother puts him to bed, kisses him good-night, puts out the light and leaves him alone. She has scarcely left the room when he almost tumbles over himself trying to get out of that dark room. He “saw something that would get him.” She turns on the light and shows him that there is nothing there that would have power to hurt him or anyone else; she puts him back to bed, and puts out the light, but he screams and gets out of bed and

clings to her. She spansks him and forces him back to bed and ties him in while he struggles for freedom. This was a real occurrence.

Imagine, if you can, the feelings of that child. Do you have any idea of the shock to his nervous system? He cries till he goes to sleep from sheer exhaustion. The next day she scolds him for "being such a baby," for "making a fool" of himself, and tells him that "a big boy" like he is should be a man.

"But, Mother," he insists, "I did see it."

"See what?"

"That great big black thing."

"There wasn't a thing there. You did not see anything."

"But, Mother, I did, and it moved, and it was going to get me and carry me off. You'd cry, wouldn't you, Mother, if that big thing carried me off."

That foolish mother little knew the nature of fear or the damaging effect it has on a child. But what should she have done? The child has to go to bed and she thinks "it all foolishness to keep a light burning."

.....

C. H. Smith

Some are even afraid of this quiet animal.





SYMPATHY HELPS

He needs sympathy rather than punishment. Try to put yourself in his place. Try to find out what it is that the child sees. Have him tell you just where it was before the light was turned on. Let him look everywhere all about the room to find there is nothing unusual in it. Then let him get back into bed and tell you again what the "big black thing" looks like. You take a position beside him or just above his head and try to see the shadow that he is seeing. The moon or some light high in the air may be throwing shadows on the wall which move because the wind is moving the branches of the trees through which the light is shining. Arrange a light in the room so as to throw your shadow on the wall; then try to have him see his shadow. Let him move so it will take different positions. This will be real sport for him. It is an excellent plan the next evening to take him out of doors for a walk among the trees. Let him see what he can find that he would not see in the daytime. Spend some time with him in the dark rooms, sending him to turn on the light and then to turn it off, perhaps, or to bring you something from some other part of the room.

Stories and quiet little games at bedtime, thus keeping his mind on pleasant things, will do much to dispel fear. Going-to-bed time should be a very pleasant hour, with stories and games of a quieting type.

But the best help of all is the help that comes from the Father in Heaven. Great pains should be taken to teach the child so he will have a just and correct idea of the Father. So many children are taught in such a way that they have very distorted ideas relative to God. They think of Him as a great being that "just watches to find little girls and boys doing something wrong, so that He can punish them."

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." If we can comprehend to some degree what that means, we can teach our children something about the great love of God for little ones. And that

love will not wane, for, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." We should do our very best to help the children to understand. Since He loves us so much, He will take care of us. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

He will take care of the children. "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." With such assurances for the children, we must help them to believe that they can trust Him and can know that God will not let harm come to those who do trust Him.

There are several sources of fear which, strangely enough, many parents do not seem to recognize. First, the comic papers, and then the "thriller" magazines or similar cheap literature. Years ago when the comic papers first appeared, there was usually some wit in them, but now if there ever is any wit—which is not often—it is of a very cheap kind. Instead of humour there is a displaying of evil as the "smart" thing; there is that which encourages to sex delinquencies and crime. There is much in the strange, unnatural pictures and the speeches connected with them to cause the child who reads them to have fears. Such magazines, coming originally from the West, are becoming more and more numerous on our Indian bookstalls.

Another great source is the cinema. The children are taken to the cinema by the parents. Worse yet, they are permitted to go by themselves, remaining there for hours at a time.

Here they *see* the crimes enacted and the wrongs and cruelties endured. Seeing the same things over and over causes the children to become familiar with them, and they learn how crimes are committed.

A few years ago in the U. S. A., a committee was appointed to study moving pictures. They selected one hundred and fifteen pictures which they said were average. In these pictures there were fifty-four murders committed, fifty-nine assaults that did not end in murder, thirty-six hold-ups, and twenty-one kidnappings. There were four hundred and six crimes committed, and forty-three others attempted. Who committed the crimes? Out of the fifty-four murders the hero, or heroine, committed fourteen and the villain thirty. In forty-three per cent of these films the interior of a bedroom figured in the setting. A cinema critic has said, "Virtue may have

been at a premium once, but apparently it slumped, along with other leading stocks."

Mr. Forman, chairman of the committee mentioned, asks, "Can anyone possibly imagine that the constant iteration of the crime theme motion pictures which are attended weekly in the United States of America by 11,000,000 children of thirteen years and under, will in the slightest degree help the solution of the crime problem?" With minds flooded with this sort of thing, will children's fears grow less? It is true that this refers primarily to the United States, but we must remember that all these notorious films are also shown in Indian cinemas and have the same effect upon our children.

Again let us urge parents to keep very close to their children. Once a subject is talked over, it loses half its horror. Fears cannot be suppressed. We may, by ignoring them, stop the children from coming to us with their troubles, and we may think the difficulties have faded away; whereas the children may have simply decided that it is more pleasant to say nothing to Mother, and especially not to Father. But fears must be met and conquered rather than suppressed. Encourage the child in this.



A Story

Afraid of the Dark

SEGO was a little boy who lived in the depths of the jungle in the middle of Africa and he was once upon a time very much afraid of the dark, and all the other boys he played with were afraid of it, too. The minute the shadows grew very long, every last one of the troop of little boys, with Sego at their head, would run pell-mell for home.

On this particular afternoon they were having a wonderful time playing leap-frog. The game was so merry that the first thing they knew it was really quite dark.

Sego shouted, "Look how dark it is! We'll have to hurry!"

"Oh, Sego," cried little Jwili in a frightened voice, looking over his shoulder, "Do you think 'they'll' get us?" Poor little boy! He really believed, you see, that there were little men in the jungle waiting to catch little children.

Sego did not answer, but took Jwili's hand and hurried along the path. By and by they came to the dark pool in the forest where they believed dwelt a creature called Tikoloshe.

"Now go quietly and quickly so she can't hear and drag us under the black water," he said as they tiptoed by.



K. Muthuramalingam

Boys like to
play leap frog.

.....

Weren't
they glad to
reach the lit-
tle hut they
called home,
all safe!
They ran
through the
opening
which was
supposed to
be the door.
Down they
squatted on
grass mats
and their big
sister filled
their hands
with cool
corn por-
ridge. Every
single bit
they ate, too,
and even
licked their
fingers. In the
fun they had,
roasting ears

of corn on the fire, they quite forgot how frightened they had been.
They laughed so loudly that they awakened the old hen who was

hatching out her chicks in one corner of the hut, and the little new calf lifted her head with a frightened "moo."

Suddenly came a tap-tap-tap! Instantly everybody sat perfectly still. The corn neglected on the fire, began to scorch, yet nobody moved. Sego's heart beat so loud he was afraid "it" would hear. But it was only the wind blowing about the little hut. One by one the frightened little people rolled up in mats on the floor and went to sleep. Next morning when the light came again they felt brave once more, and hurrying out of the hut, Sego and Jwili were off for another long day of play. They wandered rather farther than usual that morning and were surprised to find themselves at a newly-founded school they had heard about.

"Let's see what they are doing in there!" Sego said.

They crept up softly until they could look through very large holes in the walls of the house. Neither Sego nor Jwili knew they were windows. You see their house had none. Inside, boys like themselves, but clean and neat, some of them wearing clothes, were looking at curious little black marks on paper. One by one they would stand up and the paper seemed to tell them something to say. That was very wonderful! Followed by Jwili, Sego hurried round to the biggest opening, the door, and walked in.

"Do those marks tell you what to say?" he demanded.

"The marks make words which tell us what to say," the teacher explained. "We call it reading."

"Can I learn it?" The teacher nodded. "Then, Jwili," Sego said to his little brother, "we'll stay here a while," and they sat down with the others, never dreaming that now they were "going to school."

From that time on Jwili and Sego hurried away every morning from their hut to the school. Sego liked the songs especially, and the stories they heard about God and His Son who died for them, who loved them and took care of them. He had always been told that the beings he could not see like the dwarfs, and Tikoloshe,

would harm them. But now the teacher said that there were no such things as Tikoloshe and the little dwarfs; that God was with them always, even in the dark. Sego believed God loved him and yet he was still very much afraid of the pool where he supposed Tikoloshe dwelt, and of the little dwarfs, and ran as fast as he could through the dark.

One night Sego's little baby sister began to be very ill. She cried and cried. "The spirits are troubling her to show they need food!" said his mother. "We will have the witch doctor." Yet, though she tried all kinds of curious remedies, none of them did any good.

"There's a man in the school who can cure sick babies," Sego whispered to his mother one night. "I've seen him."

His mother looked up, and Sego saw that her eyes were full of tears. "We can't carry her there tonight," she said. "And perhaps in the morning it will be too late."

Sego ate his supper very sadly. That doctor man would come to the kraal if he knew. Sego went to the door and looked out. It was very, very dark. Only a few stars twinkled overhead. No, he couldn't go in the dark. There were all those dwarfs, and Tikoloshe. For the moment, you see, he had forgotten what the teacher had taught him. He shook his head. He couldn't go. He laid down on his mat, shut his eyes firmly, and tried to sleep. He could not do that either. You see, he kept hearing his little sister cry. He would ask his father to go.

He finally got up and went over to the hut where his father sat with the men. Timidly he told him about the doctor who would come, if he knew about it, and make the baby well. Wouldn't he send somebody to the school to tell him? It was no use. "Nobody in this kraal knows God loves children but me," he said. "God loves my sister." He walked back to the hut, then started for the gateway of the kraal. "There's nobody to help me," he cried, "and I am afraid."

At the gate he paused. It was so black outside. He remem-

bered what they had said at school, God loved him; he need not be afraid. God loved him and there wasn't anything like Tikoloshe to harm him. A twig snapped suddenly. He jumped back. It seemed as if he could not step through the gateway into the dark. Then he heard his little sister cry, the little sister whom God loved. Summoning up all his courage, he set his teeth, "I will do it," he said, and ran down the pathway before he could change his mind. By and by the moon shone through the trees and made queer shapes of every bush. Everything frightened him, but he kept saying to himself, "God is here, God will take care of me," and he sang a little to keep up his courage. At last he saw lights ahead and knew he had reached the settlement where the school was.

Gladly the doctor went back with him to treat his little sister. In a few days little sister would be well again, he said.

"Now they'll all know that God loves children," Sego said.

"Sego, what made you so brave last night when you ran for the doctor? Weren't you afraid of the dark?" asked Samba and Jwili the next day.

"Yes, at first I was afraid, but I kept remembering that God was there and loves children, and after that I wasn't afraid at all."



No grumbling or whining here.

9TH CHAPTER

The Child Who Whines

LET us study the cause of whining before we try to find the cure. Why does a child whine? There must be a reason. It may be a very poor one, or a fairly good one. Perhaps it is a matter of health, or it may be only a bad habit. Possibly it comes because of contact with another whining child, or maybe the contact is with some older person who is irritable. Children are sometimes observed to whine in school who never think of whining at home, and vice versa.

Sometimes the desire of the children for attention brings about this unfortunate condition. The child who has been petted and pampered and has received the personal attention of the whole family does not easily give up his "position of honour." Some children live on the attention they receive from others, and if they can get it in no other way, they frequently get it by being disagreeable. Sometimes they try to gain favours by being persistent in drawing attention to themselves and their wants.

Sometimes the child does not have enough sleep; he is allowed to sit up late at night. Perhaps he is allowed to drink tea, coffee, or thick cocoa. Children should use no stimulating drinks. Eating sweets and rich, highly spiced, or poorly cooked foods will make the child irritable and whiny. Ill-fitting clothing is uncomfortable and is therefore very irritating to a child.

LOOK FOR PHYSICAL CAUSES

Of course the first thing to do is to determine the cause and remove it. Consider first of all whether or not the care he is receiving is the care that will make for his health and happiness. Take away stimulating drinks and irritating foods. See that he has a variety of nutritious foods so that he may get all the elements necessary for proper nourishment.

Much exercise in the sunshine and air is invaluable to any child, especially the nervous, fussy, whiny one.

Do not forget that much sleep is necessary to his well being—from ten to fifteen hours, varying with his age. Some parents are very neglectful in this respect, and the result is irritable, sickly children.

It may be necessary to take the child to a physician, as there may be some irritation or infection which the parent is unable to discover, but usually the cause can be found by the parent if he puts himself thoughtfully to the task.

MAKE WHINING INEFFECTIVE

Never under any circumstances let a child old enough to ask for what he needs, gain anything by whining. If he is entirely unsuccessful in his efforts, he will probably cease the use of this method of trying to gain his point. It is hardly to be expected, however, that he will be cured with one effort, or two; if he has succeeded heretofore in attaining his end, he will make several trials, probably many, before he gives up.

Does he think he is having a hard time? Probably he does. It is well to take him to see someone (a child if possible) who is vastly worse off than he is, so that he may by contrast realize his many blessings. Give him a chance to do something for those in worse condition than himself, and thus occupy his mind, getting his thoughts off himself. Doing for others gladdens the heart.

Get the child to sing or whistle, and you sing and whistle with him. The more sunshiny his surroundings, the less will he be inclined to whine.

Tell the child stories that will take his mind from himself—stories of happy children, and sometimes of sick children, and suffering children.

WAYS WITH THE CHILD WHO WHINES

Since children are such good imitators, be sure to give the whiner some opportunity for play with children who do not cry or whine. Then if he gets some hard rubs from his companions, don't spoil the good he may receive from them by sympathizing and letting him feel that the other children have wronged him. Quite likely the others may leave him out of their fun and seem to prefer the company of someone else. Make it clear that no one cares to play with a whiner, but that everybody likes sunshiny folk, and that he must try to make others happy by being cheerful. Children who have reached six or seven years of age will not tolerate a whining boy, but usually denounce him after some such fashion as this: "Cry baby! Cry baby!" Most children admire bravery. Teach the whiner to be brave.

Let the parents make sure that they themselves are well poised. The well-poised parent usually does not have a whining child.

Whining is only a bad habit, and, like other bad habits, can be broken, and a contrasting good habit substituted.



A Story

Why Uncle Somaiah Changed His Plan

LITTLE Rajarathnam, aged seven, was romping with his dog in the compound. What a good time they were having! Just then Mother called, "Raja, Raja, come here." The little boy started for the house dragging his feet and moving very slowly, saying in a whining tone, "I—don't—know—why—she—has—to—call—me. My fun is always spoiled. Come on, Sport." The dog started off at once as lively as he had been before. He rushed ahead, looking back occasionally. It almost seemed as though he said when he looked back, "Come, Raja. Hurry up. Let's run." Raja did not hurry, but of course he finally reached the house. His mother met him and said, "Son, it took you a long time to get here."

"I can't help it," he whined.

"The cook has left and the ayah has fever. I have to do all the work today. Here, take this tin, please, and run to the corner and buy some pure ghee; and hurry, please, for I need it right away."

"Oh,—I—don't—want—to. It's too hot in the sun," whined Rajarathnam.

"Perhaps you would rather stay here and watch the baby while I go and get the ghee then. Play with him and keep him happy and be sure to keep him away from the fire. I'll

be back in time to see to the food and put it on the table."

"Oh, dear!" pouted Raja. "Babies are such a bother! They are always in the way; they spoil all a fellow's fun. I wish the ayah could be here or I wish there never were any babies."

Mother soon bought the ghee and started for the house. Hark! What was that? A scream and then another. Mother ran as fast as she could, and went into the house at the back door just as Rajarathnam came in at the front. There was the precious baby crying as though his heart would break. Both little hands were badly burned. Mother hastened to prepare dressings to cool the hands and ease the pain.

"Raja, where have you been? Didn't I leave you to care for the baby and how have you done it? Where were you?"

"Just out in the compound."

"I warned you that the baby must be watched to see that he didn't get burned. I trusted you and you did not prove yourself worthy of the trust."

"I—don't—like—babies," whined Rajarathnam.

"But you like yourself very much, do you not? I mean that you think so much of yourself that you do everything to please yourself and want everyone else to do just what will please you. You are a very selfish little boy, and very unkind too. I, myself, made a mistake; I should have insisted that you go and get the ghee as I asked at first, instead of doing it myself. If you want to become a real man, one that will be of any use in the world, you will have to stop thinking of what you want to do, and instead think of what you ought to do. And, too, you must stop that very disagreeable whining that goes with what you say about what you want and what you do not want. I had a surprise for you, but now it is of no use to try any longer to keep it. I wanted the ghee to make special sweets. You are very fond of sweets that I make and so is Uncle Somaiah."

"Uncle Somaiah? He isn't here!"

"No, he is not here now, but he will be."

R. Krishnan

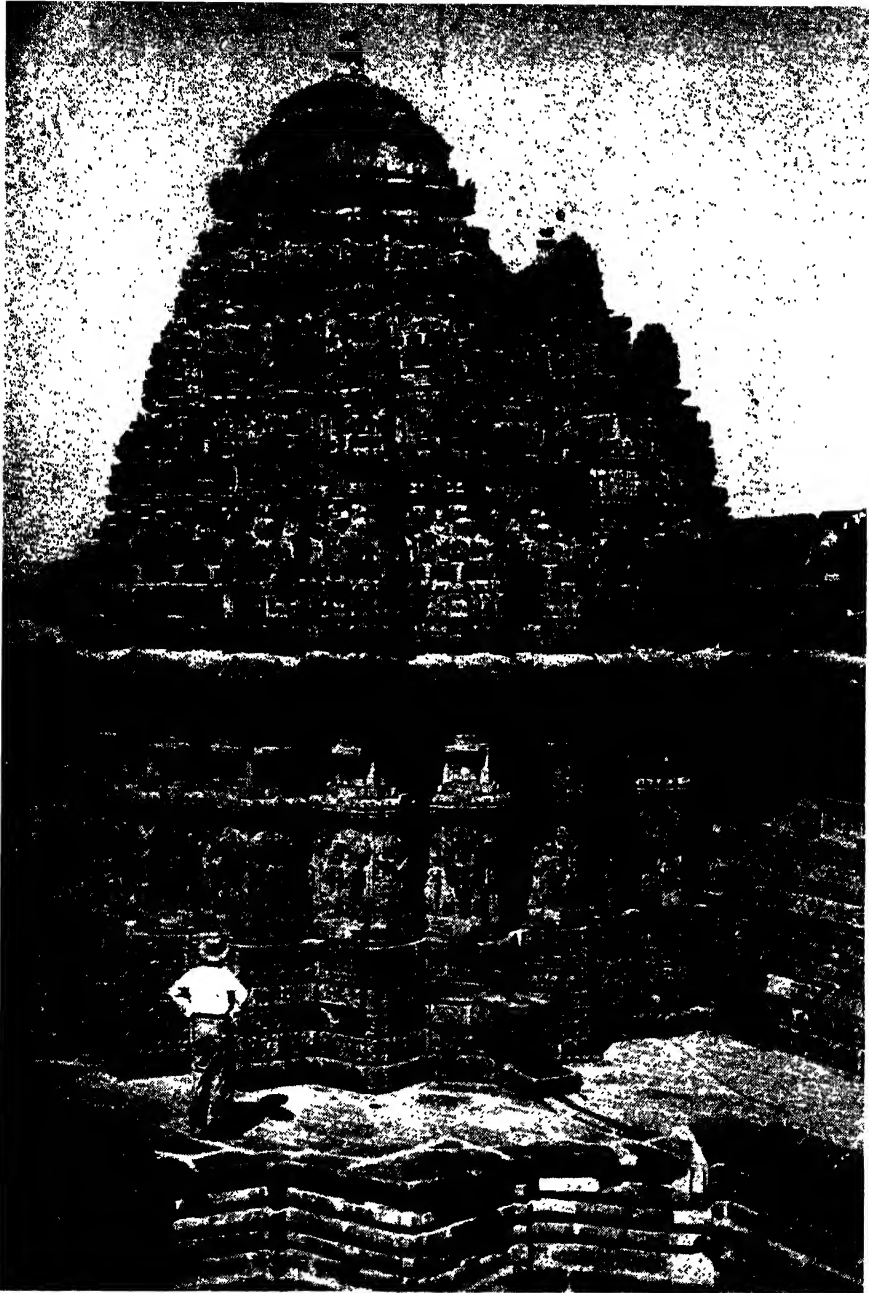
Amusing
her little
brother.

“Uncle Somaiah will be here! My Uncle Somaiah?”

“Yes, he will be here in less than an hour. But with this poor baby suffering so, I cannot make the sweets so you and Uncle Somaiah will have to go without them.”

Mother was obliged to keep the baby in her arms most of the time while she prepared the food. Rajarathnam was not feeling very happy, and he did wish baby Gopal would go to sleep before Uncle Somaiah, of whom he was very fond, should arrive. He feared that his uncle would find out that his disobedience was the cause of the baby's burns.





V. H. Rao

Somanathpur
Temple in
Mysore State.

.....

After his uncle's arrival and just before the evening meal was to be served his mother called him: "Rajarathnam, run down to Mr. Venkish's shop and buy one pound of biscuits to take the place of the sweets. Come back quickly for food is nearly ready."

"I—don't—
—want—
to—go,"

whined Rajarathnam, "I—want—to—stay—here—with—Uncle Somaiah."

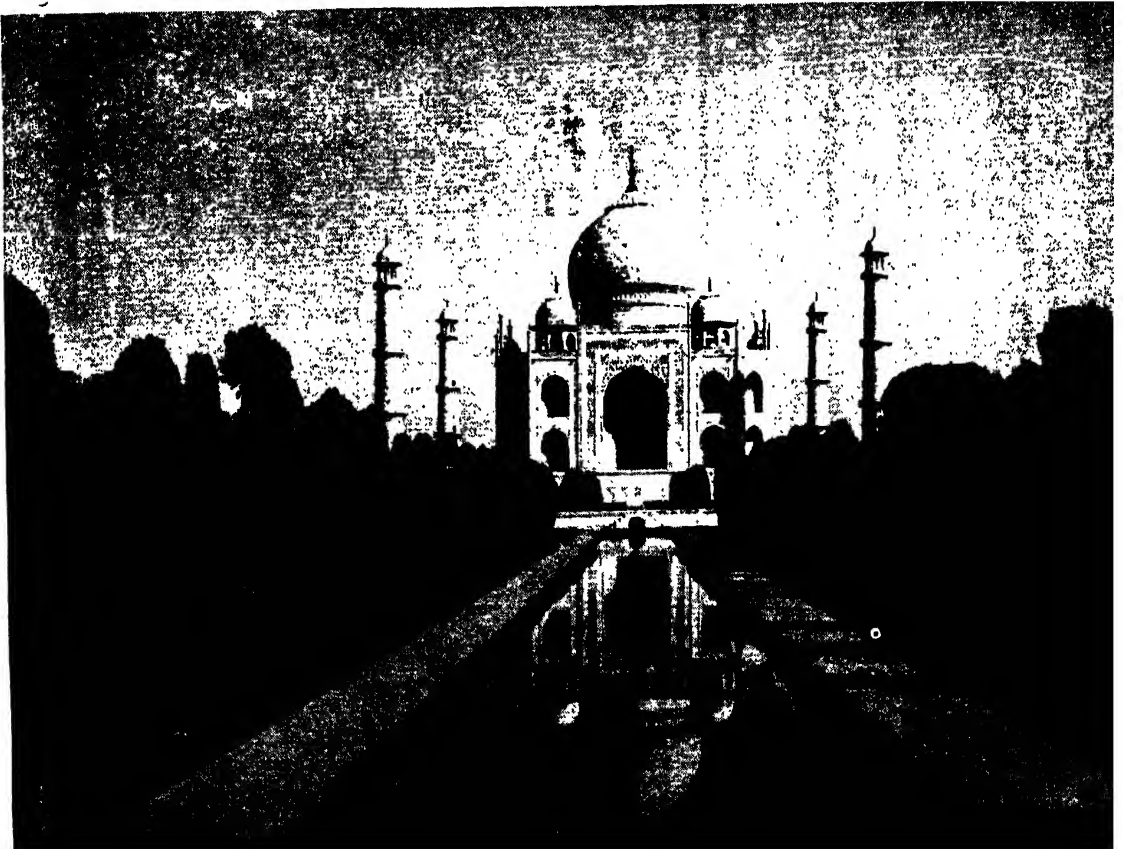
"It makes no difference what you want, Rajarathnam. You will go to the shop and go immediately, without saying another word."

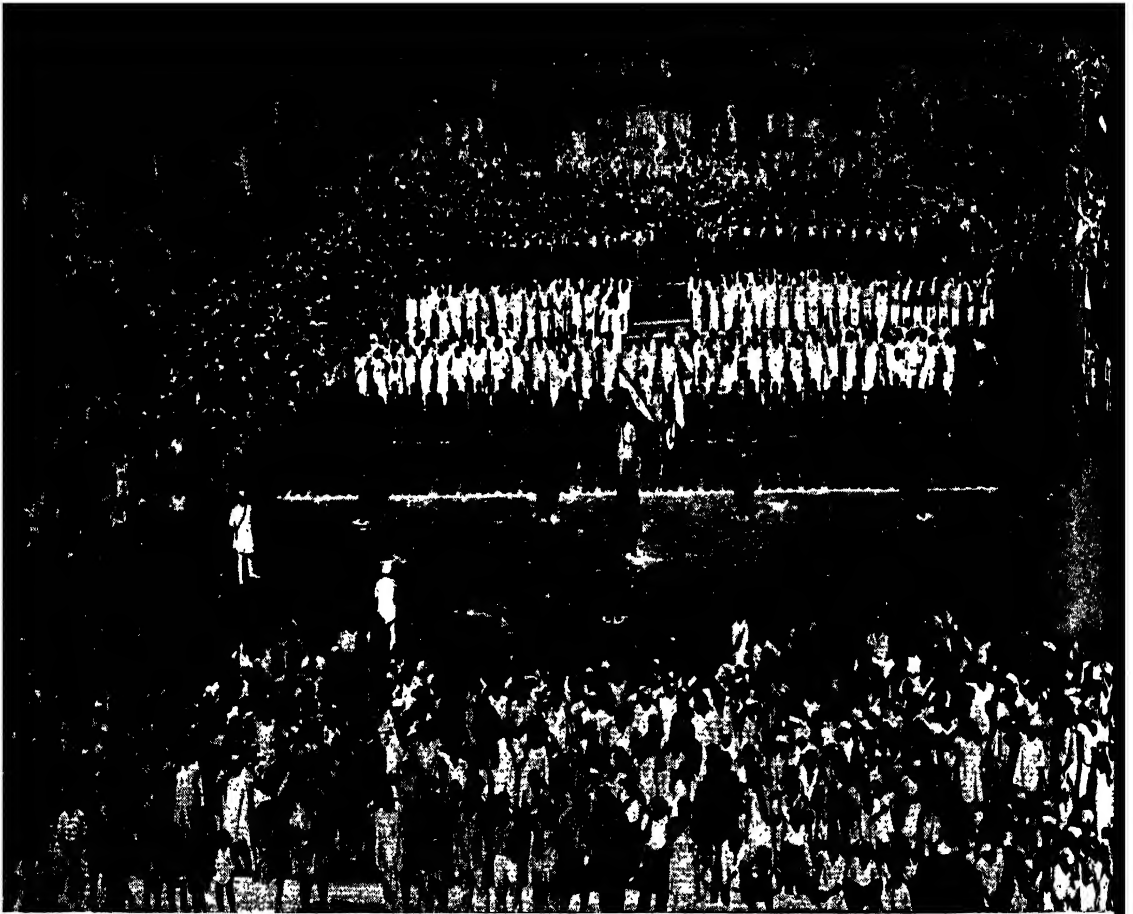
Rajarathnam well knew when his mother gave him that steady, continuous look and spoke in that firm tone of voice, it was time for him to move. He took the money from her and was soon back with the biscuits.

Rajarathnam was on his best behaviour at the table, doing as he was told without whining or objecting. He was allowed to sit up an hour later than usual that night because Uncle Somaiah was there. But when at nine o'clock he was told he must go to bed, he drawled, "Oh,—I—don't—want—to." But a long straight look from his mother told him it would be of no use to argue the case, and that the least said about the matter the better.

The loss of an hour's sleep was evident in the boy the next day. He was irritable and whined about various things that were not planned according to his liking.

.....
The famous Taj Mahal, Agra.





Indian Army Rally at Red Fort, Delhi.

Press Information Bureau

.....

Uncle Somaiah finally suggested to Rajarathnam that his dog needed some exercise, and that he had better take him out for a race. He then had opportunity to talk with his sister alone. He told her of a plan he had for Rajarathnam, but that since coming he had changed his mind and had decided to help her make his nephew a more obedient and a better-natured boy.

An hour later Rajarathnam and his uncle were sitting on the cool verandah. The boy had been listening to a very interesting story. Then the uncle told him he was leaving that evening to go to Delhi to visit the Fair, and that he had planned to take his little nephew with him. They would go by Agra and come back through Benares.

“Oh, Uncle Somaiah! That’s grand!”

"Wait, wait, my boy. I said that was what I *had* planned, but since I came I have changed my mind. I do not think it would be best. I couldn't have a boy with me who would be whining and wouldn't want to do what I asked him to do. I never take a boy with me who whines and complains."

"Oh, but Uncle, I wouldn't whine. I would be the kind of boy you like."

"You think you would, but you would forget, just as you do at home. No, I'm not going to take you on any such trip till you learn to obey your mother without whining or complaining. When I come again, maybe you will have learned to obey because it is right to obey without murmuring or whining." It was a long talk the two of them had that day. There were some tears shed, but the little boy promised to try very hard to break his bad habit and to consider what other people wanted, and not just what he himself desired.

Rajarithnam did not become perfect in this respect all at once, but whenever he felt like whining or disobeying, he thought of the talk with his uncle and of the fact that he didn't go to the Fair.



A Story

The Reformation Of a Scamp

I REMEMBER him well. I suppose that he might have been nine or ten years old but he looked as if he were seven—and acted like it. What a big opinion he did have of himself! He was always right, so he thought. And he simply couldn't bear to be beaten.

Poor Sampat was the only child of his rich father and doting mother. With no brothers and sisters, he had grown up to think that he was the only pebble on the beach and that nobody could do anything as well as he. So when he went to school he thought that he must be always first, that he must always win.

Of course things did not turn out that way. They never do. There were other boys there who could do things much better than Sampat. This made him angry. When Sampat became angry he did a strange thing; he went about kicking the shins of those who had done better than he had done. Once in a game of football he was beaten. Instead of smiling and saying, "You played a good game, congratulations!" he frowned and stamped his feet and ran about kicking the shins of the winners.

Of course the other boys didn't like this. No one wants his

shins kicked; it hurts. So they began to consider what they could do about it. As they put their heads together they saw a tank just off the playground.

"If Sampat kicks our shins again we shall have to teach him a lesson, won't we?"

Of course Sampat did do it again. He had done it so long that he couldn't possibly stop. The next time it happened was after a game of hockey. Sampat was captain of the team; he played hard and tried to win, but the others were the best players. The score was five to four against him. He was furious. When the game ended he first kicked the shins of the boys of his own team saying, "It was your fault."

When the other side laughed he ran at the captain of the winning team and kicked as hard as he could. Sampat was going at an-

Good team work helps us to win.



other boy of the winning team when he suddenly found himself surrounded by a ring of boys, all just as angry as himself.

"Come along, Sampat," said one, "We are going to teach you a little lesson. You should have been taught it a long time ago."

"I won't come, I won't come," yelled Sampat and he kicked in every direction, but the boys grabbed his arms and his legs and carried him to the tank.

"One, two, three," they shouted and splash! Sampat went into the water. It was not deep and soon Sampat came up spluttering with his mouth full of mud and slime.

Just then the headmaster appeared on the scene. Sternly he asked, "What does this mean?"

"Sampat has been kicking shins again and we have been teaching him a lesson."

"They threw me into the tank," wailed Sampat, "They pitched me into the tank."

"Come into my office just as soon as you have changed your clothes," ordered the headmaster.

When Sampat appeared, the headmaster said, "I don't like the boys to take things into their own hands, but you had this coming to you. You cannot behave like a spoiled brat without getting into trouble. One of the important lessons one must learn in this life is to lose and keep on smiling. No one can win all the time. For that reason we must learn to lose gracefully. That's the first essential of good sportsmanship. When you lose in a race or a game the first thing to do is to congratulate the winner. And the more enthusiastically and sincerely you do this the better people will like you.

• "To go about kicking people's shins when you are angry with yourself because you are inferior is a terrible thing to do. Suppose you do this all your life! People won't put up with such behaviour any more than the boys who threw you into the tank. Probably you would end up in prison. So, Sampat, you had better resolve that you have kicked shins for the last time."



"Yes, sir," replied Sampat meekly.

"And remember if I hear of any more of this foolishness on your part, I shall expel you from this school."

"Yes, sir."

"I take it then from now on you will become a good loser." And Sampat did try and before long he was one of the most popular boys in the whole school.



R. Krishnan

Making sure of her supply of energy.

10TH CHAPTER

Directing His Energy

THE habit of being destructive is a fault common to many children and young people. We can find it in our hearts to excuse small children affected in this way, but can hardly see why college boys should still have such a disease. Unlike many diseases, this one does not "run its course," and the patient gradually get better. The disease has to be *cured* by some kind of "treatment."

TEACHING BABY CAREFULNESS

It is an expensive disease, costing thousands of rupees if not cured early. Back in the beginning of the individual, through inheritance he had in him the factor of destructiveness. Perhaps this thought of heredity will impress upon us the difficulty of changing the individual so that his faults will be overcome. We say that the child is naturally destructive, but he must not remain so. The naturalist works on a plant to change its fruit from something worthless to something valuable and very delicious. So parents must work to change the undesirable factors in a child so that he, too, will be useful in every way.

Watch babies at play. Some treat their toys with consideration, while others clash them together with all the force their little arms can bring to bear upon them. Some little people keep toys for months unbroken, while others break them in less than a day. Sometimes parents or friends

replace the broken toys. Baby will never comprehend that toys have value if this course is pursued. Do not replace what baby breaks. Either let him use the broken toy or go without. "Baby broke the toy! Too bad! Too bad!" spoken seriously, while slowly shaking the head and pointing to the broken part, will help to make him see that his parents regard the matter as serious. Next time he starts to batter a plaything, say, "No, no, baby can't have the toy unless he is good to it." If he continues the battering process, remove it gently from him. He will soon learn that he will not be allowed to abuse his playthings and the furniture about him.

There is no reason why we should say, "He's just a baby. Why bother him? We'll talk to him when he is older and can reason." By the time his reason is developed to any extent his habits will be quite fixed. By that time he may be the terror of the neighbourhood. People do not want a reckless, destructive child to handle things belonging to them or to their children. He is usually esteemed an undesirable visitor.

IMPRACTICAL JOKING

Two boys of about fourteen years were viewing a window in a deserted house. What fun it would be to use the window for a mark. "No one lives in the house, and what difference does it make, anyhow?" So the stones flew, the glass crashed, the window frame also.

Questioned, the boys admitted their guilt, but thought it did not matter since no one lived there.

The boys' parents took a different view of the matter, and said, "You, of course, will replace the property you have destroyed." So they took some money from their allowance and bought a new window. Those boys will not throw stones through windows again.

A child and his parents have an entirely different viewpoint in matters of this kind. The parents know the effort, self-sacrifice, and hard work it takes to own a home. It is only a small thing to a boy if he defaces the woodwork or the furniture. He has never gone without things he wanted or needed in order to build a home or buy furniture.

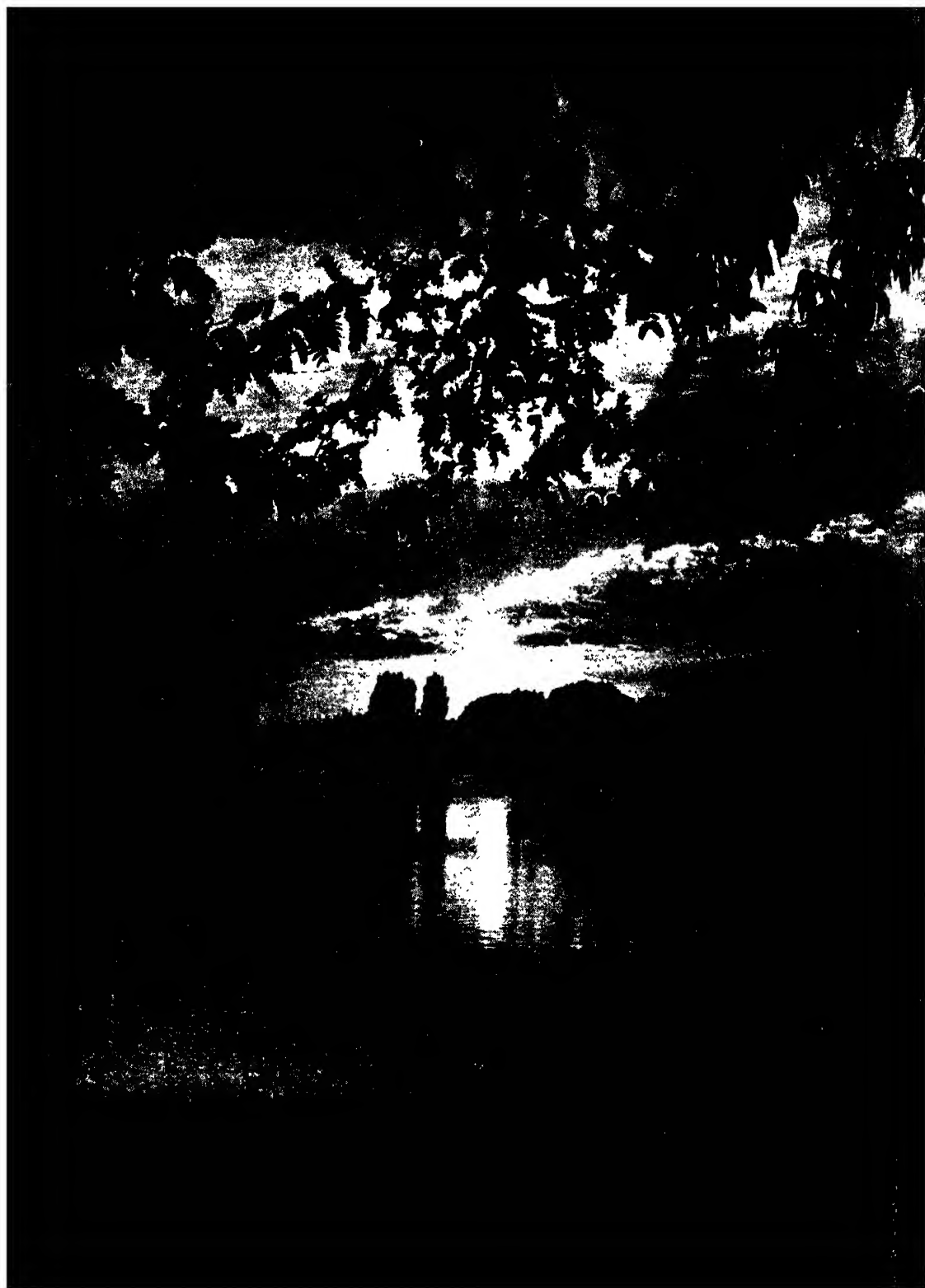


R. M. Mistry

Will he eat it?

PRODUCERS NOT DESTROYERS

Let the boy take a course in woodworking. When he himself has built a chair or a table, he will not deface another person's furniture. Let him pay for broken parts, trampled plants, and replace them, and he will begin to realize the effort required for the mali to produce the lawn on which he has been so ready to run and play and roll about with his dog.



This shows us another reason why we should teach children to work and help their parents and those around them as their age and strength will permit. It is a noted fact that boys who have a definite work to perform every day seldom destroy the property of anyone else. The producers are not the destroyers.

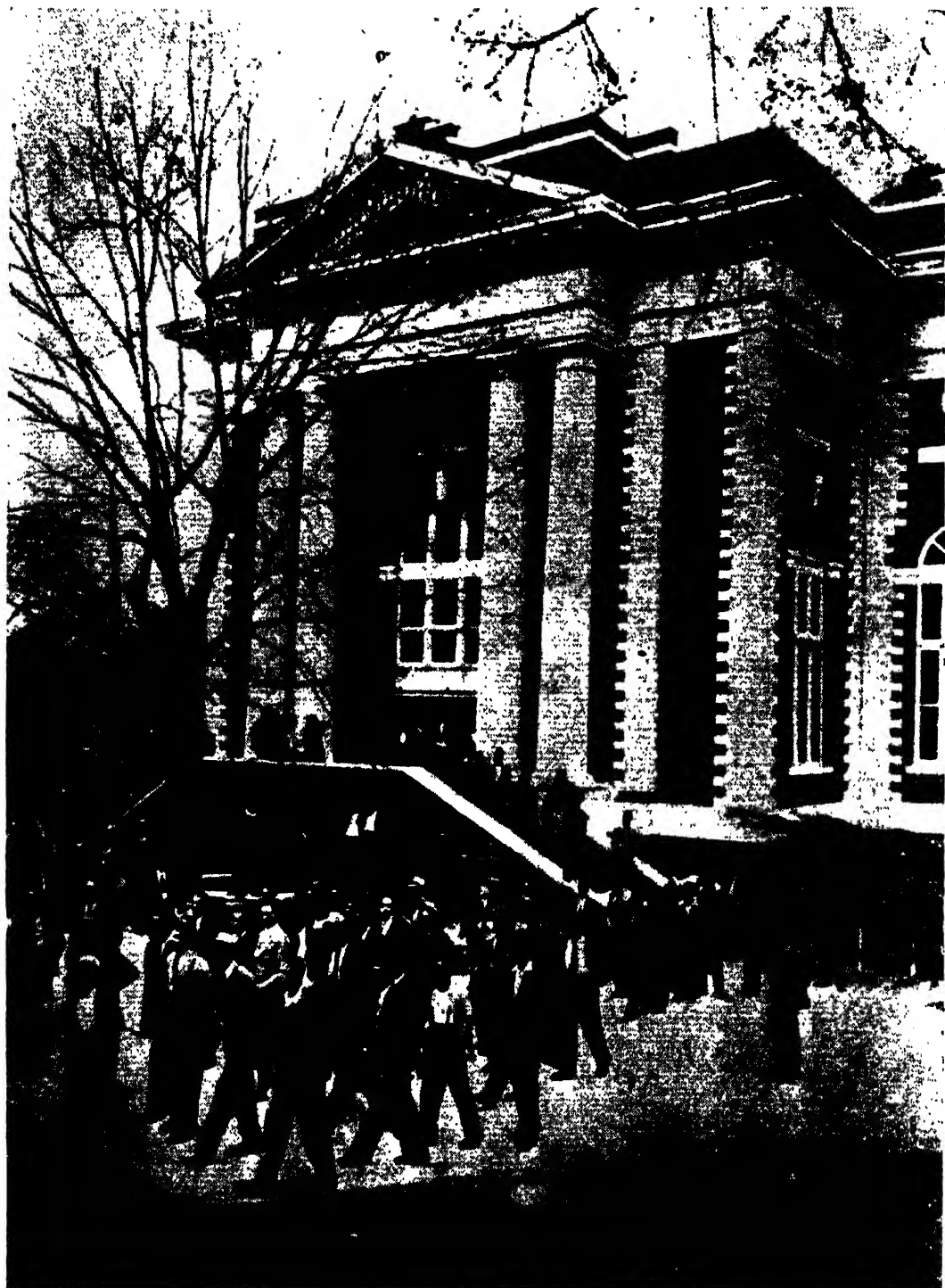
The children may be helped if they hear values discussed in the home circle, not by talk given directly to them, but in their presence. It surely would be of more value to them to hear something of the struggles of their parents and others in obtaining the comforts of life than to hear the gossip of the day discussed.

Instruction should also be given the children on the care necessary for the things with which they have to do, impressing on them the fact that destroying anything is taking it from its owner and is, therefore, a kind of stealing.

CULTIVATE A LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL

There is in families a great lack of the cultivation of the æsthetic. Some people seem to regard anything of this kind as a weakness; but let such answer the question, "Why did God make things of beauty?" It was because He purposed that people should enjoy them and be happy with them. He designed these to have a refining influence on character. Never till we saw pressed heather did we really understand why that great botanist, Linnæus, was so impressed with a bunch of it that he knelt beside it and thanked God for making anything so beautiful. Now we understand, for we have seen heather.

From their earliest childhood, let us help our children to see and enjoy the beautiful in nature. The leaf, the tree, the grass, the flower, the bird, the butterfly—they all speak of the power and glory of God. Each lends joy to human life. If children are taught to love and enjoy them and not to tear them to pieces, they will want to preserve them for others to enjoy. Why should we and our children lose the joy and refinement out of life that comes from an intimate knowledge of the beautiful in nature?



Tuskegee College, Alabama.

By Courtesy of U. S. I. S

A Story

From Slavery to Fame

IN THE year 1864 the war between the northern and southern states of the United States of America was coming to a close. At that time on the estate of Moses Carver of Diamond Grove, Missouri, a little boy was born to a slave mother. While he was a baby his father was killed in an accident and a few months later his mother and he were stolen by bandits. The baby, who had been named George was abandoned by the bandits and found, but the mother was never seen again.

Mrs. Carver, who was a very kind lady, took little orphan George into her home. He was small and sickly and could not do the jobs that were expected of other boys of his age. So she taught him sewing and knitting just as if he had been a girl.

When he was still very young, George became interested in flowers and plants. In a nearby jungle he started a "secret garden" where he tried his first experiments in growing things. He learned how to nurse dying plants back to life, and he had such a magic way with him that he came to be known as the little plant doctor.

George loved everything about nature. Sometimes he would take a bunch of flowers to bed with him at night and fall asleep with them in his hand. Sometimes, too, he would smuggle toads

and frogs and creeping things into his bedroom, to Mrs. Carver's horror and disgust.

Always he was asking the name of something he had found in the jungle. In fact he wanted to know the name of every stone, insect, and flower that he saw. When his mistress could not tell him he made up a name himself.

While he was still very young he saw a painting at the home of a neighbour. It was the first painting he had ever seen and it impressed him very much. "Who did that?" he asked, and when he was told a man—an artist—had made it, he said, "I want to do that some day." From that day on he was always drawing, not on paper, for he didn't have any, but on pieces of board and stones that were flat. He made colours for his paintings out of berries, roots, and bark of trees. This too he kept secret like his garden in the jungle.

How he wanted to go to school, but in the place where he was living there was no school that would admit a Negro for study. The nearest school was eight miles away and he continually begged the Carvers to let him go to the school. Finally they consented when he was ten years old. The night that he arrived at the school he slept in a godown with rats running over him all night. Then, in the morning as he sat on a pile of timber, hungry and lonely, a kindhearted lady, Mrs. Watkins, took pity on him and gave him breakfast. After that she gave him a place to stay in while he went to school. Mrs. Watkins was a religious woman and she taught him to pray and to read the Bible. At eighty years of age George continued to read the very Bible that Mrs. Watkins gave him when he was a lonely boy.

It was on the first day at school that George became George Washington Carver—he was Carver because he came from the Carver Estate and Washington because he had heard Washington was a great man and he was determined to become great also. Now he began to study hard. He loved it and longed to learn. When the classes were not in session he took his book and went home



Carver didn't have much time for play.

.....

and propped the book up so that he could study while he was doing the dhobi work for Mrs. Watkins. In addition to doing the dhobi work for her he scrubbed the floors and did other odd jobs for the family.

On one occasion he was told to guard a lettuce patch. Many small goslings were about and eager to get through the fence at the lettuce which it was George's duty to protect. Some other boys, however, were about with some marbles and invited him to play with them. Playing marbles was much more interesting than chasing goslings, so George went to a nearby flat place and played with the other boys. When he returned the lettuce was all gone, not a leaf remained. He was so angry that he chased the geese to a nearby tank and fell in himself. Mrs. Watkins was pretty much upset at his condition and the loss of her prize lettuce and George learned a lesson in trustworthiness that he never forgot the rest of his life.

When he was thirteen he set out for Fort Scott, where he hoped to get more schooling. But the money he had did not last long so he had to leave school and earn more. For a few weeks he would work then he would study until his money was exhausted. Many boys would have given up in the face of such troubles but George had an overpowering passion to learn and to get along in

life. He was willing to pay the price no matter what it might be.

To earn money he worked as a servant, washing dishes, sawing wood, sweeping compounds—all kinds of work that no one else was willing to do. In summertime he worked with some large ryot and once in a while he was lucky enough to find work in a green house. Then his happiness was overflowing.

In one home that he worked in they taught him how to wash and iron clothes at which work he became expert. After a few months he borrowed money and set up his own laundry. At last he felt ready to go to college, for all the time he was reading in his spare minutes to increase his knowledge as well as operating the laundry to increase his finances. He was accepted at Highland University and was very pleased with himself when he sold his business and set out for the university town. But when he turned up at the university he was denied admittance because they did not accept Negro students.

George was crushed. This was the hardest blow he had endured so far. All joy went out of his life. He wanted to study and learn—why couldn't they let him do that? No! He was shut out. In despair he decided to become a ryot and applied to government for a grant of land in a district just then being opened for settlement. He had neither strength nor money to make a success of it and all the time there was a dreadful ache in his heart. He was alone, disappointed and discouraged. These were dark days but all the time he was learning things which contributed to his great success later in his life.

Several years passed by and George decided to give up his land and go to another part of the country where he hoped to set up a green house and grow vegetables and flowers. He would travel as far as his money lasted, then stop and wash clothes until he had earned money to take him further. He had no particular destination in mind but just kept moving from place to place. One day he arrived at a small town in the Mid-west of the United States of America. Some very kind people gave him work and the man of

the house suggested that he ought to continue his education, "But," said George, "How can I? I have no money nor do I have any influence."

Then one day as he was ironing a shirt a voice seemed to say to him, "Go back to school." "I can't," he said. The voice seemed to answer, "You can." At this he put the iron down and went to look out of the window. Finally he said aloud, "Well, then, I will go back to school." A burden rolled off his mind and he immediately sold all he had and set out for Simpson College where he had heard that Negro students were admitted.

Arriving at Simpson he was accepted and in a very short time he had attracted the favourable attention of his teachers by his alert, bright mind and splendid scholarship. The art teacher was amazed at the excellence of his paintings and went all out to help and encourage him.

To pay his expenses George opened a small laundry. He literally dived his way through college. It was a hard life but he was happy to have the opportunity of learning. But, what to do after he left college? George thought he might paint, for he loved painting, especially birds, flowers, and nature scenes. The teachers advised him that there was no future for him in painting. They recommended agriculture where his love of plants and nature would be turned into productive channels. He agreed and leaving Simpson College he set out for Aymes, the Iowa State College of Agriculture.

Carver arrived at Aymes without a penny in his hand. He had nothing with him, except faith. This time he went to work waiting on tables for the other students, but eating in the basement himself, because he was a Negro. He didn't care, for he was learning. This time it was botany and chemistry that he was studying, looking into the mysteries of nature and preparing for the great work he was to do in after life.

As he climbed the long flight of steps that led to the big red building where the classes in agriculture were held, he felt that



By Courtesy of U. S. I. S.

Carver was honoured by President F. D. Roosevelt.

he was entering into a new world. It was a new world for himself and for thousands of others. Unperceived by any but God Himself, this was a great moment in history.

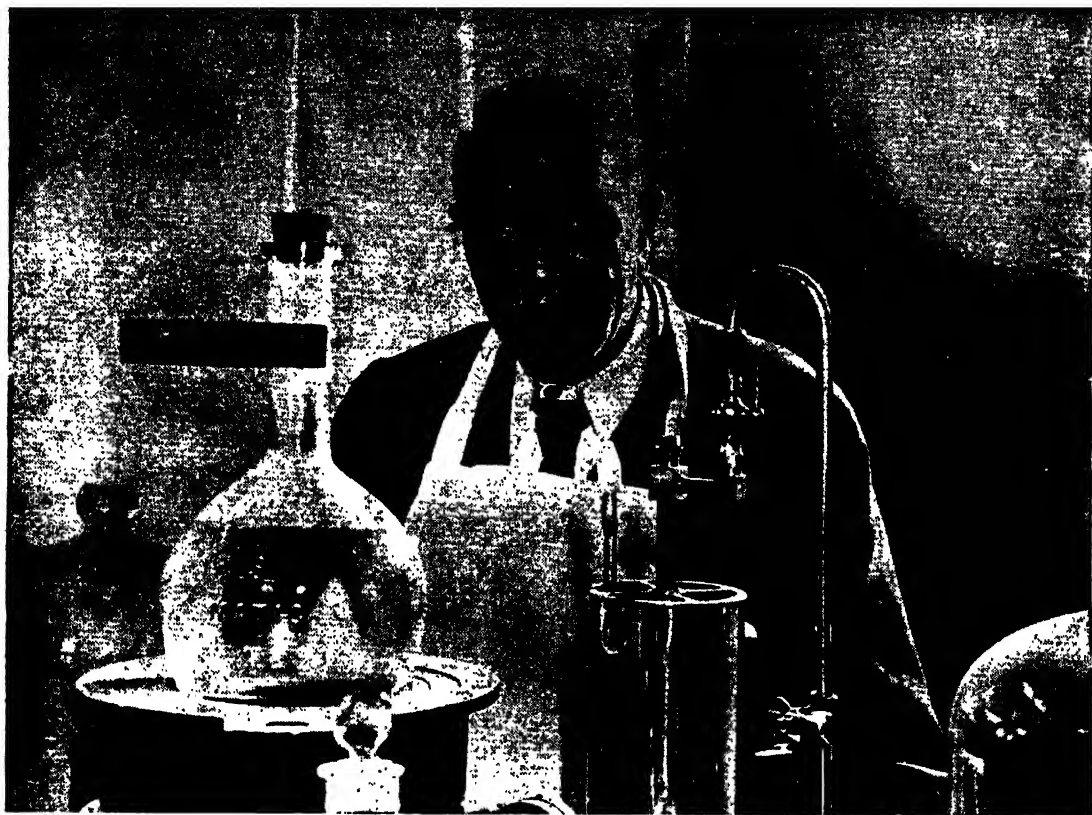
Four years later George Washington Carver received the degree of B. Sc., the first Negro to graduate from Aymes College. One professor called him his most brilliant student and the best collector of specimens and the sharpest observer of nature he had ever taught. These were big compliments and George deserved them.

About this time Booker T. Washington, another ex-slave and founder of the Tuskegee Institute for Negroes in Alabama, heard of Carver and invited him to join him in building up the institute. Carver accepted the invitation and started for his new post.

All the knowledge of nature which George had accumulated at so much pain and labour, went with him to the South. But he had hardly arrived there when he realized he still had a lot to learn. Here were plants and flowers he had never seen before. Soon he was asking boys at the institute, "What is this plant?" But nobody knew. George made up his mind that not only would he learn what they were but that the boys would learn also.

The day came when there was not a plant, flower, seed, or insect that he could not identify. Once the students thought they would play a joke on him. So they produced an insect made of the head of a large ant, the body of a beetle, the legs of a spider, the antennæ of a moth, all carefully put together. They then asked him for its name. He looked at it for a moment and said, "This is a humbug."

At Tuskegee, George established his laboratory which he named, "God's Worksnop." Here he brought all sorts of plants, soils, and insects, and studied them until he knew all about them. In this way he discovered many plant diseases and how to cure them and taught cultivators how to grow larger and better crops on their fields. Many times ryots would send him soil samples and ask him what was wrong with them. In this workshop, working with God,



By Courtesy of U. S. I. S.

Dr. Carver in his laboratory.

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he perfected three hundred products from the lowly ground nut, ranging from soap to door knobs. Out of the ground nut came milk, soap, soup, wood stains, ice-cream, and sugar!

From the sweet potato he produced starch, vinegar, ink, shoe polish, soap, paste, pickles, salad oil, wood stains, dyes of all colours and hundreds of other useful things. In "God's Workshop" he discovered the lost secret of the royal blue of the Egyptians.

Government people in high circles in Washington began to hear of the wonders coming out of "God's Workshop" and invited him to go to Washington to address the Congress of the United States of America and told him that he would have ten minutes. He talked for one hour and forty minutes and the Senators urged him to continue, so amazed were they by the array of products that he had produced from the ground nut. Edison, the great inventor, offered Carver Rs. 2,00,000 a year to work for him but he refused

to accept the offer. Henry Ford offered still higher financial inducements for him to go to Dearborn and work for him. This offer was also refused.

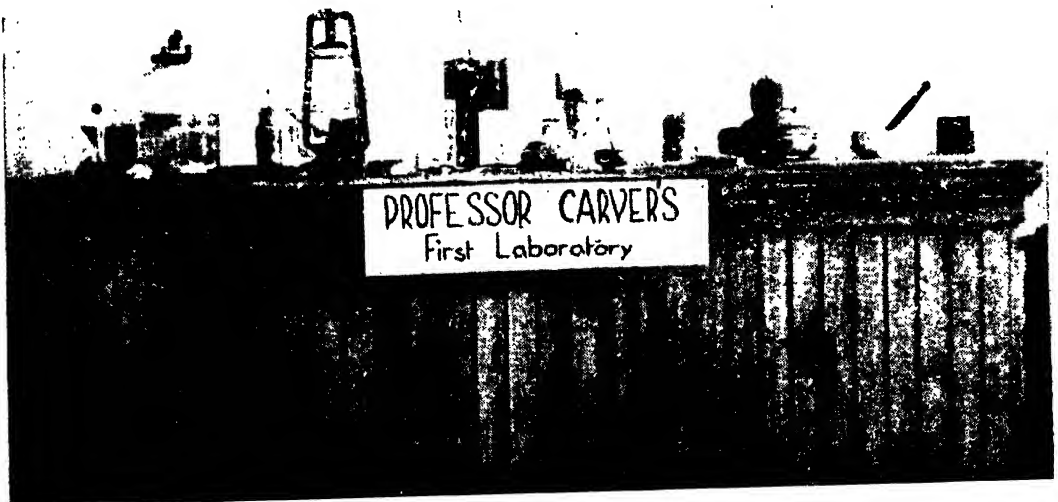
January 5, 1943, all the world mourned for the passing of a great man who, beginning as a slave, by dint of perseverance and unwavering purpose had triumphed over every obstacle. Because he worked not for himself but for others, his memory is cherished in every land around the circle of the earth. He blessed not only his own people but his generation.

George never used anything but the simplest equipment for his experiments. Those who today visit the workshop he used to use do not see rows of shiny equipment, but a few broken bottles, an ordinary cup for mortar, an ink bottle with a lamp wick stuffed into it for a Bunsen burner. It was with this kind of simple equipment that he made silk from the bark of poplar trees, rope from the fibre of cholam stalks, paper from lady fingers.

In the light of this life no one need feel that he has no chance or opportunity, no matter how humble his origin may be.

.....

The simple equipment Carver first used.





Ready for any mischief.

A Story

Baby Didn't Like His Play Pen

A BEAUTIFUL baby, eight months old, was sitting on a soft carpet. He crept over to a bookcase and began to pull out the books. This was ayah's day out and Mother feared for the safety of father's books, so taking the baby to another part of the room she placed him on the floor and surrounded him with play-things. But to him the bookcase was more attractive, so back he crept, and busied himself pulling out the books, letting them drop by their own weight to the floor. He caught one book by a single leaf as it fell, and of course that leaf and the rest of the book parted company. He squealed with delight as he handled and crumpled the paper because it made a pleasant little noise that he enjoyed.

Mother couldn't think of having Father's books handled in this way, so she picked up tiny Gopalan and carried him to the other side of the room. Throwing an out-of-date newspaper on the rug before him, she returned to her embroidery. This just suited the baby; he liked to hear the rattle of the paper as he threw it around, and pulled and pressed the sheets together and struck them little blows with his tiny hands. Presently he pulled one sheet really hard. What a pleasant noise it made as it tore into two pieces!

Then he took hold of one of the pieces with a little hand at each end and made the pleasant noise again.

He didn't bother Mother any more for a long time, but just kept on listening to the noise until the whole newspaper was in little pieces. Mother thought she had found a happy solution to her problem. So little sonny had the privilege of tearing newspapers until he was tired of it. Then he attacked the books again and worked away until he had removed all of them from the lower shelf. But playing with books grew stale, so he crept to the dining-room. The white cloth on the table was very attractive. What fun to pull it by one corner! Pull! Pull! Pull! And then came a crash! The falling of the first dish amused him greatly; it made a noise when it fell, and that was interesting. It was a new plaything, but after playing with it for a little while, he decided he would pull again and see if some other pretty things would come down to him. This time half a dozen dishes came tumbling down. One of them struck Gopalan and hurt him, and others struck each other and broke in pieces, making a great noise. Mother rushed in to find a very frightened baby with a big bump on his head.

Like many other mothers this one believed that babies couldn't understand and could not be made to mind, so there was little attempt to make him understand. But she did decide that he would have to spend more of his time in his play pen or with the ayah even though he did not like it.

Of course it was more fun for him to be able to go where he pleased. He was still given newspapers which he tore up, and because he cried for books, he was given old ones which were counted of little or no value. These he pulled to pieces if that pleased him, and it usually did. Mother never stopped to think of the fact that her boy was forming a bad habit—the habit of destroying things. In his play pen he always had plenty of toys, and because he enjoyed the noise he used one of them to beat another, so soon he had them broken up. If he seemed to care for one he had broken, his parents replaced it with a new one. So little Gopalan,



H. P. Bhatt

Cleaning the corn.

.....

much to his delight could always find something to break.

As Gopalan grew older his habit grew with him and the mischief that he did cost his parents much money, and his father was sorely troubled. He had not been taught the difference between the things that were his and those that belonged to other people. If he had been taught this, it would have saved him a great deal of trouble. As he grew older and played out-of-doors, he broke the neighbours' flower pots and trampled all the gardens. He picked the flowers, broke down the vines, and did so much mischief that the neighbours dreaded to see him coming.

One day when he was in town with his father, he saw a pretty little whip like the horse whips that were used years ago. It was very small and limber near the end and terminated with a cracker. He begged for it, and his father, remembering how he had enjoyed playing with a whip when he was a little boy, purchased it for him. What fun it was to crack that little whip! For a time he enjoyed it more than any other plaything he had. He liked to give nearly everything he saw a resounding crack. The cat, the dogs, and even people had to suffer from it.

The next-door neighbour had in his front garden a beautiful



Our children should learn to love and care for beautiful things.

little evergreen tree, very near the front walk. One day Gopalan discovered the little tender stem right at the centre of the top of the tree; it was the extension of the trunk of the tree in its growth upward. Quick as a flash the whip struck that tender little stem and took it off, so that what was to have been the further trunk of the tree was gone. The owners of the tree were much distressed, as they knew that the perfect shape of their tree would be spoiled as it grew larger. That little boy couldn't understand why it made any difference. Little boys do not understand unless they have been carefully taught.

When parents study trees and plants and flowers with their children, they can teach the children to love them and be much more careful with them. The children will stop to think whether the things they are starting to do will mean any harm to the flower or the tree.

Little boys and girls that have been painstakingly taught how to treat the dogs and cats and birds will find friends among them.

If father and mother did not allow you to form the habit of tearing up and breaking things, you can well be thankful. Life will be far happier for you. Your neighbours and friends will be glad, instead of sorry, to see you coming. And if some time you injure something that cost money and hard work, and father says you will have to earn the money to pay for the damage you have done, don't think he is hard on you. He is only endeavouring to do his duty in trying to make you a true, honest, and honourable man, one who will be loved and trusted by those who know him.



11TH CHAPTER

Dilly-Dally Dawdle

THERE are many children who dawdle, but this fault is not confined to children alone. There are plenty of dawdlers among men and women, too. But the dawdling man was first a dawdling boy, and since to dawdle is a habit, begin at once to break it up.

The efficient man goes at his work promptly and does it with dispatch. The one who cannot do this either is left without employment after his weakness is discovered, or he must work for smaller compensation. The question is, What can he produce? Does he do eight rupees' worth of work in a day or only five rupees' worth? This is another of the many things about which parents and teachers need to think when the child is small.

If we only thought more about what the final result of our teaching and discipline would be, our methods would in some ways materially change. But many of us do not take time to think. We are in too big a rush after—well, sometimes we ourselves cannot fully explain what we are after. But, we not only do not for a time see the temple of character we are building, we sometimes entirely forget that we are building one. Let us realize that the stones we are wittingly or unwittingly putting into the building when the child is young are the stones that will be there when he is a

man. Therefore let us study and think about the building material we are using.

WORK WITH THE DAWDLER

Most children work with alacrity at the things they like to do. It is those things that they wish they never had to do at which they loiter. Then suppose, Mother, you try for a time working *with* them on work that they dislike!

Any kind of work is less obnoxious when one has good company and there is pleasant conversation. Tell how you enjoy the work when you have good help. Make the child feel happy about his effort to help. As opportunity presents itself, show him the advantages of doing his work with cheerful readiness and thus getting it off his hands. If he dilly-dallies about it, he continues to dread it, and the longer he dreads it, the worse it grows.

MAKE HIM LIKE IT

Some might suggest that we give the child only those things to do that he likes to do. But that would not be wise, for all his adult life it will be necessary for him to do the things he does not like to do, and if he is relieved from doing them now, he will be very poorly prepared to bear life's burdens. Teach him the importance of performing duty without stopping to ask whether he wants to do it or not. We can learn to like to do the things we have to do, and in that way we have a good time all the way along. Our own attitude toward our work, has much to do with the attitude the children will assume.

Dawdling often displays itself in the time it takes the child to dress himself in the morning and prepare himself for bed at night. Try a few times working with him in getting his clothes on, thus showing him how quickly it can be done. Then stand by and see how quickly he can do it if you are with him. Then give him a certain number of minutes to do it alone, not the length of time in which you could do it, but a reasonable time for a child.

If nothing brings success in the matter of dressing in the morning and getting to breakfast on time, just clear the table and put everything away. When he appears, let him have some simple, plain thing. It is not best for a child to go without his breakfast, but let it be of the plainest and simplest kind possible under these circumstances.

THE STIMULUS OF APPRECIATION

If he has done his work quickly and well, don't fail to tell him so. Let him know that you appreciate his efforts. Most children are like the one who said, "I've done lots of things right, but she never told me of





Children need supervision while learning.

them; but if I do wrong, she is sure to tell me." You can hardly blame the boy for thinking that this is not quite fair.

Removing privileges is valuable as a corrective when other measures fail. For instance, the parent may take this position: "I am sorry you did not do your work quickly, as I presume you would have enjoyed going to town with me." A protest will doubtless come.

"No, I'm very sorry that you cannot go. Mother has explained to you many times that it is important that you do your work quickly. This will help you to remember next time."

Sometimes children, especially boys, are slow in learning the lessons of the school books. They do not like to study. But give the boy an old clock that refuses to run and suggest to him that perhaps the reason is that it is dirty. Then he will study, but perhaps not a book. Suggest that he take a tiny brush and some kerosene to see if he can clean it. Tell him to look to see just how it is put together, and to be careful to keep each tiny screw and every other part on a tray where he won't lose them. He can oil the clock with some first-class sewing-machine oil after he has the parts cleaned. This is the kind of study some boys like. It is surprising how well such a boy can figure out what is the matter with machinery.

While it is necessary to push children in the doing of their work, it is necessary to see that it is done well.

In this matter and in all our dealing with the children, we must be patient. Some of us have made grievous mistakes in this respect. Let us profit by our own errors and by the mistakes of others.



A Story

Princess Put-it-off

HOW Muthamma did like to put things off! It did not matter what—anything; just so that she could leave it a little while, or better still, until the next day. Sometimes her mother called, “Princess Put-It-Off, have you done what I told you to do?”

This always made her think that she would do things at once. Not that she didn't like to be called a Princess—that made her think of all the beautiful and nice things she had ever heard of. It was the Put-It-Off part. It sounded very much like a royal Russian name, but it wasn't. Anybody could guess what “put-it-off” meant.

“Oh, my!” yawned Muthamma as she snuggled down in her cozy bed. She could hear her mother moving about in the house. “I must get up,” she told herself for the fifth time, but she did not get up until she heard her father coming in for breakfast. “Oh, this old button! Why did it have to come off when I am in such a hurry!” A safety pin had to replace the button for there was no time to put on another.

“Here are some letters. Will you put them in the post box,

Daughter?" asked her father as he left the house. "They must go today."

"I'll take those letters as I go to school," she said to herself as she went upstairs.

"Oh, why didn't ayah sew this other button on? Now I'll have to pin this place too, or be late." There was Indira already waiting outside for her. "In just a minute," called Muthamma from the window.

"Be sure to get that pattern book from Mrs. Rani for me at noon, dear. The darsi will be here to make your new blouse tomorrow," said her mother as she sent her off to school.

She sighed as Muthamma ran down the path. Muthamma was a dear little girl, but how could they make her do things when they should be done?

Then she saw the letters that Muthamma had forgotten, and walked down the street to post them.

That night there was a package at Muthamma's plate. It was not her birthday. What could the package be? Who would be giving her a present now?

"Hadn't you better put off opening it until we have eaten?" said her father, laughing.

Even Muthamma did not want to put off opening a package. In fact, she could hardly wait for the proper time for things like that. It was hard to wait, when the box was white and tied with pink ribbon.

"When you have eaten, Muthamma," said her mother.

Muthamma hurried through her rice and curry. "Now, may I?"

She untied the ribbon, took off the white paper, and raised the lid. There she saw a gold and silver paper crown. It was a very pretty crown with tiny stars twinkling all over it. Across the front it said, "Princess Put-It-Off."

Muthamma remembered the letters and the pattern book. She remembered that she hadn't practised on the piano for an hour either.



PRINCESS PUT-IT-OFF

It was much easier to play
than to remember to do things
right away.

.....

"Put it on," said her father as the little girl looked down at the shiny crown. "I think it will just fit."

M u t h a m m a blinked hard. Two big tears were blinding her black eyes. "Oh, Mamma," she cried, "I don't want to have to wear it."

"I'm afraid you will have to wear it if you do not stop putting things off and then forgetting them," replied her mother.

Then they had a long talk together, just the three of them. Her father told her how dangerous it was to have the habit of putting things off. The letters he had given her that morning were in regard to important business transactions, and they would not have gone had her mother not seen them.

"And the darsi will be here to sew in the morning. I was going to have him make your new blouse, but now you will have to wear your old one for some time, because he cannot give us



Would she forget to look after her pets?

another day this month." Muthamma's mother thought it best to mention several things at once. "You have been putting off practising your lesson and tomorrow you will not know it. Your father and I have been wondering if you had not better stop taking piano lessons."

"Oh, Mother!" was all that Muthamma could say. She loved her music so much. She liked to practise—and truly she did—when she got down to it. Just suppose she would have to stop her lessons and not play in the school concert!

"These things may seem little to you, Muthamma," said her father. "But doing things on time is very important. I will tell you just one little story to show you what I mean. There was once a very large office building in a city not far from here. The man who had charge of the business had put off having the insurance policy renewed. One day when the board was meeting, the board members discovered that on that very day at midnight the policy expired. They were very careful men, so at six o'clock that evening they called the insurance man and asked him to renew the insurance on their building. At two o'clock the next morning the expensive building burned to the ground. Just suppose they had thought it would be all right to wait until morning!"

"Sometimes we find it hard to do all the things that we have to do each day. But the longer we wait, the harder it is to do them," said her mother.

"And they pile up, too," added Muthamma.

They put the paper crown on the hat rack where Muthamma could see it and remember.



12TH CHAPTER

Encouraging Kindness

A GENTLEMAN was expected on a certain train. Another was to meet him, but how should he know the right man when he saw him? He was told that the stranger was a tall man and was always helping someone. Sure enough, the gentleman was found helping an old man to find his berth. What a different world, what a lovely world, this would be if it could be said of all of us, "He is always helping someone." Our love, our sympathy will find a way of doing something that will bring happiness to those around us. We are to love even our enemies and do good to those who treat us spitefully. We lose something and gain something when we show kindness to our enemies. We usually lose our enemies and gain friends, joy, and satisfaction besides. Someone has said: "Kindness is catching, and if you go around with a thoroughly developed case, your neighbour will be sure to get it."

A friend had given to a family that was in rather straitened circumstances a lovely dish of sweet rice just before Divali. This family had made some sweets for themselves. The mother said, "Since Mrs. Kalidason has given us this good rice I'll give Chellam, my dhobi, the few sweets, so that she and her little Muthupan will have something good for Divali. When

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Plate opposite: Let us be kind to domestic animals, too.

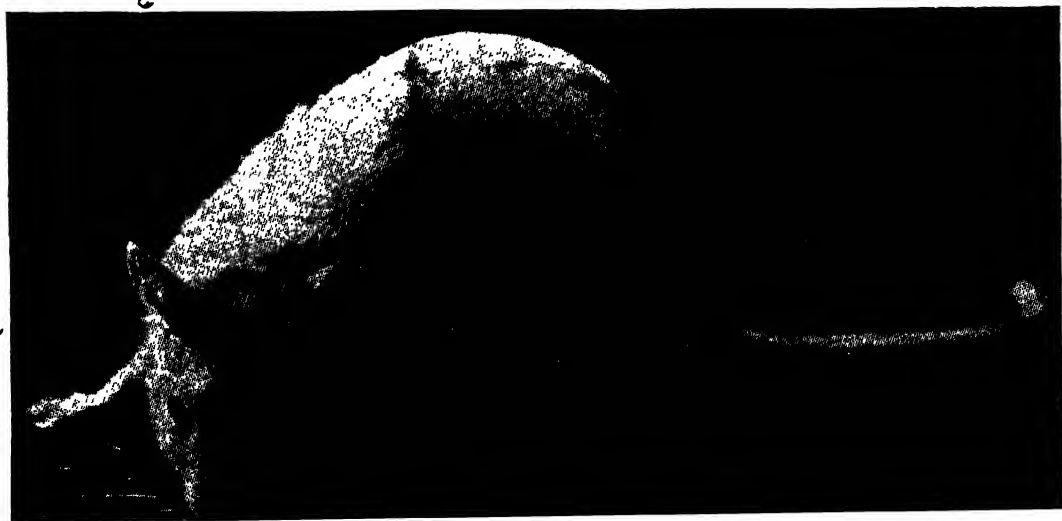
Chellam received the sweets, she beamed and said, "The old sweeper doesn't look as though he ever had very much to eat, so I'll give him the gram I made for Muthupan and myself." So the sweeper got the gram. It happened that near to his godown was the hut of a little orphan lad named Dasrath who had no one to care for him. The sweeper asked him if he would have any food for Divali. "I don't know yet," he said, "but I hope to have something." So half the sweeper's gram went to Dasrath. While he was eating the gram, a little bird came near and Dasrath said, "Yes, little bird, you shall have a few morsels."

KINDNESS FOR UNKINDNESS

It is not hard to be kind to those who are kind to us; that is a natural consequence. But how about those who have been unkind? Sometimes those from whom we do not expect anything show far greater kindness of heart than those from whom we have a right to expect much.

The story is told of Jim, a slave, who because of his faithfulness was held in high esteem by his master and was made overseer over certain other slaves on a plantation in Pre-Civil War days in the United States of America. One day he went with his master to the market where slaves were being bought and sold. Among them he saw an old man, bent and grey.

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He turned to his master, and said, "Won't you buy that old man?"

The master really wished to please Jim, so he bought the old man. After they reached home, the master said, "Well, Jim, now that we have him, what shall we do with him?"

Jim answered, "Let him stay with me in my cabin. I will see that he works as much as he is able."

Jim was very kind to the old man. Others began to notice it. It was also noticed by the master. He wondered if the old Negro could be Jim's father or uncle or some other relative. One day the old slave was sick, and the master saw that Jim was nursing him.

He called Jim outside his cabin and asked, "Why do you take so much interest in this old man? Have you found out that he is a relative of yours?"

"No, Master," replied Jim.

"Is he an old friend that you knew before you came to this place?"

"No, sir; he is an old enemy. He stole me from my native village a long time ago, and sold me as a slave. Afterwards he was captured and sold. The moment I saw him, I knew him. And God says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; and if he thirst, give him drink."

It was a good lesson that the master learned that day from his slave. This poor slave understood the law of kindness better than many well-educated men.

Children who grow up in homes where they see kindness manifested all the time, and are instructed relative to treating others as they would like to be treated, will usually follow the same path.

UNKINDNESS DUE TO THOUGHTLESSNESS

• It seems to be born in some children to be harsh and unkind. At times they seem to be heartless; they do not realize how the things they do and say hurt others. Experience is a severe teacher; but we all have to learn in its school. Children who have no thought of being unkind are often even cruel because they do not know how others feel. A mere baby will reach his hands into the hair of some person who is holding him, pulling with



ENCOURAGING KINDNESS

all his baby strength. He doesn't know he is hurting. Or he beats with his little hand the face of his father, mother, or ayah, until the flesh tingles. Some children bite or scratch. The firm, "No! no! You hurt Mother," helps, but it sometimes is necessary to take his little hand, and hold it until his attention is attracted to something else. Some children have to have a little more severe treatment.

Sometimes when the child is old enough to understand, he may be punished in the same way he has hurt someone else, but great care must be used in applying this method. In any case he should not be allowed to continue any of those unpleasant things which hurt other people. He must be taught how others feel. A child must not be allowed to torment a dog or cat or any other animal. The sooner he learns sympathy for people and pets, the better for him and the more comfortable for others. Again, example has much to do with the child's training.

TEACH KINDNESS BY ASSOCIATION

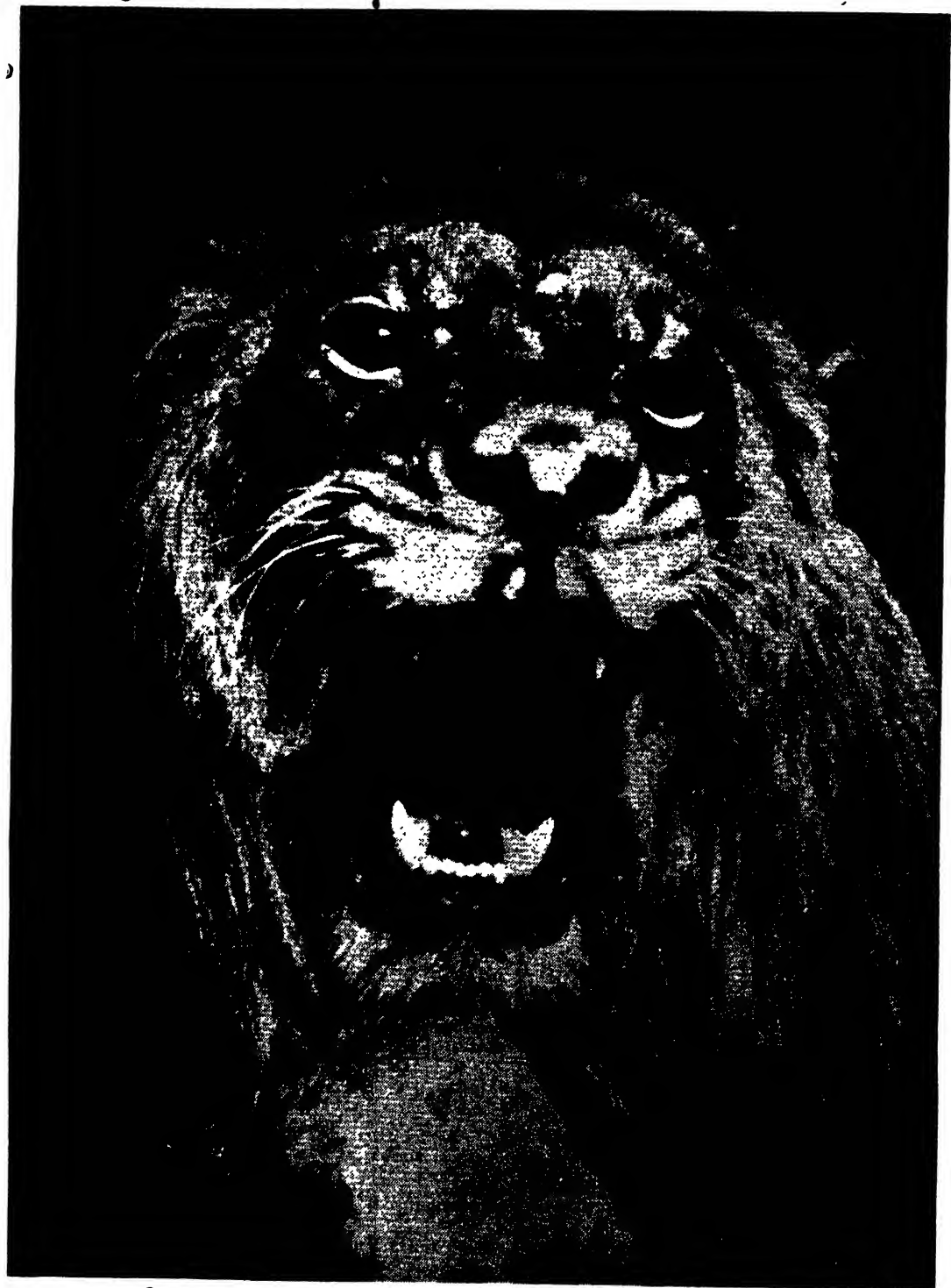
Association with other children helps. A child is taught many things he needs to know by being with other children. He comes to understand their desires and their feelings, and he must be taught that he should regard their feelings as well as his own.

Talks on the subject of sympathy and kindness must be based on the concrete. Young children do not understand abstract principles. Whatever rules or principles are taught should be based on observation of kindness and sympathy manifested. Children are not interested in what they cannot understand.

Some child gets a broken leg or a broken arm. A brief visit to such a one will be of benefit to any little boy in more ways than one. When he sees how hampered the other child is, he will realize that for his own safety he himself must be careful. If rightly handled at this time, he will begin to understand what pain is, and to feel sympathetic toward the sufferer.

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Plate opposite: This "seeing-eye" dog was taught by kindness.



Fox Photos Ltd.

However, the lessons that are taught concerning the other's trouble, should, of course, be given outside the sick room.

Many children are inclined to laugh at, and perhaps despise the old, the infirm, the crippled, or the otherwise unfortunate. This may be done somewhat innocently. Parents and teachers should convey to the children a sympathetic understanding of such afflicted individuals. All children should be taught that misfortunes partially or entirely ruin lives, and that they themselves may sometime be unfortunate. Afflicted persons are usually very sensitive. They suffer greatly when treated with ridicule, contempt, condescension, or indifference. Their misfortunes or age have made their sufferings acute enough without having children or adults add to them. Children should be impressed with the idea that great consideration should be shown them and their burdens lightened as much as possible.

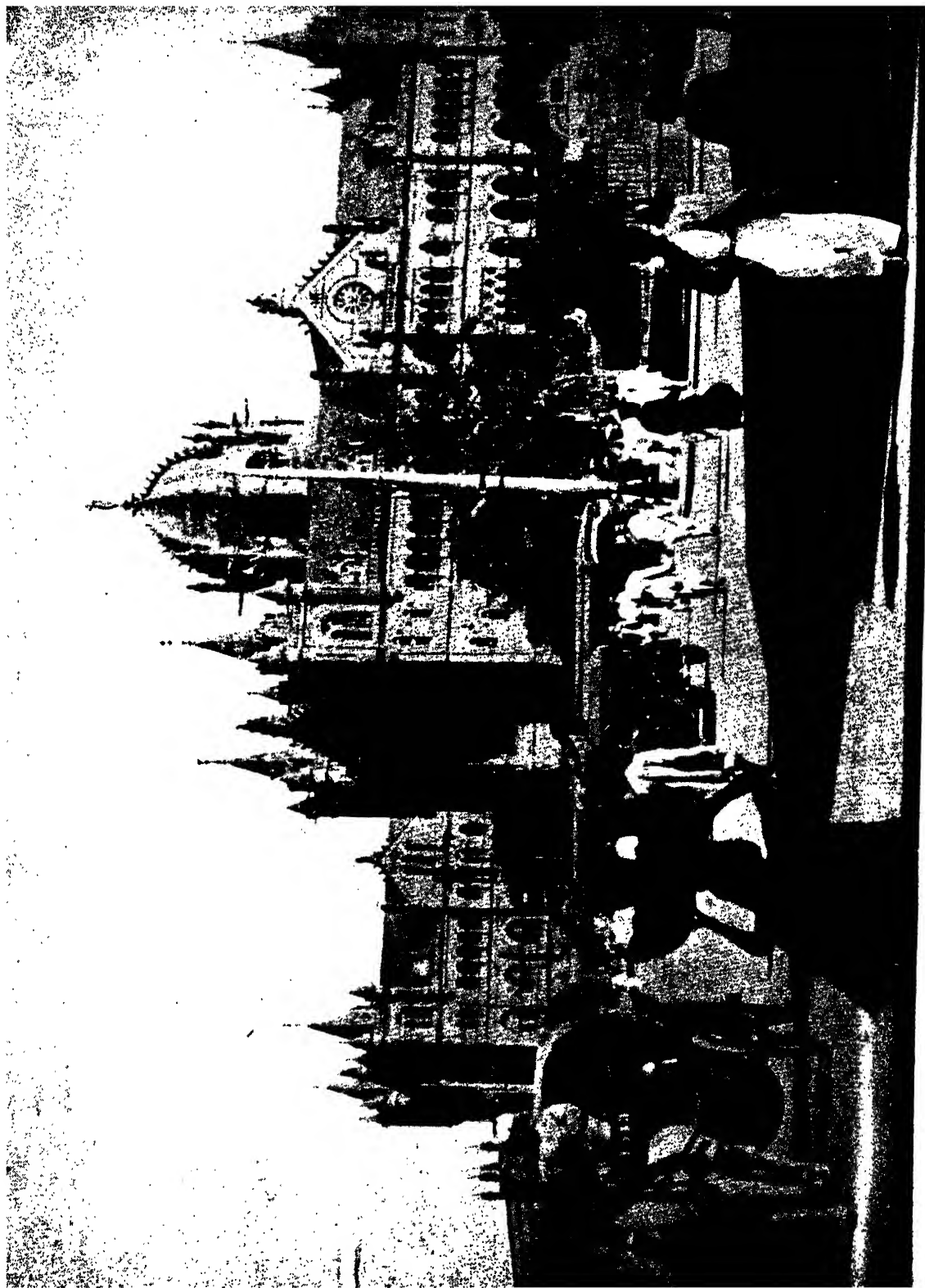
RESPECT FOR THE AGED AND POOR

Poverty and consequent poor clothing are very humiliating to the person afflicted thereby, and thoughtless children make the humiliation deeper. Many times, however, it is he who struggles with poverty, who rises to eminence, while the unkind (or possibly the untaught) child holds only a mediocre position throughout life.

If parents can give their children a vision of the great love and kindness of great men, and study with them some of the things they have done, the children will learn very different ideas.

By observation we discover that the larger proportion of the kindnesses shown are done unconsciously. They flow out from a kindly heart, and seem just a natural consequence of the circumstances met. Ordinarily they are wholly unpremeditated, and there is no self-seeking in them. That is what makes them beautiful.

* No one can estimate the joy and happiness brought into the homes, schools, and communities by the overflow of kindness from such individuals. It very largely lies with parents and teachers as to whether children will be joy givers or joy destroyers.



A Story

Ram Swarup's Testimonials

SOHAN LAL and his wife were two fine old people. All their lives they had been helping those in trouble. If they found anyone in any kind of difficulty, it seemed they always found some way to relieve him. Their friends and neighbours thought they were altogether too generous, for sometimes they really needed for themselves the money they gave to others. They were told that a dark day might come when they would sorely need some of what they had given away. But Sohan Lal replied, "I think our fields will produce enough to keep us while we live. What we give to the poor we lend to God; and if a dark day does come, God will provide."

As time went on Sohan Lal grew older and was not able to supervise in the fields as before. His income was reduced and the dark day did come. Their necessary food and clothing cost more than he had money to pay for, so in order to get money on which to live, he borrowed a thousand rupees from Bimal Chand and gave him a mortgage on his fields and house.

Each year Sohan Lal managed to pay the interest on the mortgage, and that was all Bimal Chand wanted. But after

Bori Bunder, Bombay.



R. Krishnan

Homeward bound.

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a few years Bimal Chand died, and his estate went to his son, who was not so kind as his father. Very soon the young man wrote to Sohan Lal that if he did not pay the mortgage by a certain time, he would foreclose it. That meant he would take the home of the old folks in payment of the thousand rupees that had been lent to them.

Bimal Chand's house was in a town one hundred miles from where the old people lived. Sohan Lal told his wife that he thought he had better go and see him for maybe if he could talk with him, he might have pity on them and not turn two feeble old people out of their house.

"But, Sohan, you are old and not strong, and not used to travelling; I'm afraid for you to go."

"True, wife, but I can say much more to him than I can write. And besides, Chitambar Das lives at Badgaon, and we helped him when he was a poor boy. Perhaps he will advise and help me now."

Sohan Lal had never travelled on the railway and his wife was quite worried about him. The next morning as he set out by bullock cart down the road to catch the train, she called to him, "Sohan, be sure to take tight hold of the railing when you climb into and out of the train carriages." And he called back, "Yes, Bene, I'll be careful. You take good care of yourself."

On the train he was nervous, and because he couldn't hear well, he feared he might not get off when he should. They had not gone far before he began to ask questions: "How soon will we get to Badgaon? How shall I know when to get off the train?" But the ticket inspector said, "You can just go to sleep and rest; I'll come and tell you when we are nearly there; I won't forget you."

Two young men were sitting in the seat just beside him and heard all the inspector said to him. One of them was about twenty years old, tall and handsome. His name was Ved Prakash. He whispered to the friend who was with him that he was going to have some fun, and added, "You are going to see it. I'm going to make him believe he's got to Badgaon and that he must get off." Sohan Lal was tired, and soon fell asleep. Ere long the train began to slow down to stop. Ved Prakash jumped up, seized the old man by the shoulders and began to shake him. "We're coming into Badgaon, and this is where you wanted to get off."

The sun had gone down and it had grown dark since Sohan Lal had gone to sleep. The lights on the train were very bright. The poor old man was much confused, but he thought this boy must be employed by the railway and that they had come to Badgaon and he must get off. The name of the station was called out but the old man was too deaf to know what was said or even to know that any name was called. So he climbed down the steps

to the platform and the train was moving away before he knew his mistake.

Ved Prakash was laughing loudly and saying, "Wasn't that a good joke! I didn't suppose the old greenie would be silly enough to get off the train. I thought he'd stop when he got to the door," and he shook with laughter. "That's too funny for anything, isn't it, Mohan?" And Mohan replied, "Yes, it is very funny."

Neither of the boys noticed that a fine-looking man had come into the carriage and taken the seat where Sohan Lal had been sitting. The boys were talking so loudly that the gentleman could not help hearing every word.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Ved Prakash. "But I really thought the old fool would hear the name of the station being called. He believed every word I told him, the old simpleton."

After a while the boys began to talk of other things. "I tell you, Ved, I don't believe you stand much chance of getting that position. They say Chitambar Das is awfully particular," the stranger heard Mohan remark.

"Oh, shut up!" cried Ved Prakash. "Particular! That is just what makes my chance all the better. I've brought the kind of recommendations that a particular man wants."

"But there'll be other fellows trying for the place."

"I don't care if there are fifty, I'd come in ahead of them all. I've got testimonials of character and qualifications from Professor Rama Murthy, The Hon. Prem Dast, Doctor Seshachula, and Mr. Mudhu Rao, the great railway contractor. His name alone is enough to get me the job." At that moment the stranger took a quick look at Ved Prakash. But the conceited boy was too occupied with thinking and talking about himself to notice.

Every now and then the thought of the old man whom he had deceived came back to him and he would laugh loudly. "Wonder where the old man is by now. Wonder if he has found out where Badgaon is. Oh, wasn't it rich to see how scared he was when I woke him up! And how he jumped and scrambled out of

the compartment. I never saw anything quite so funny."

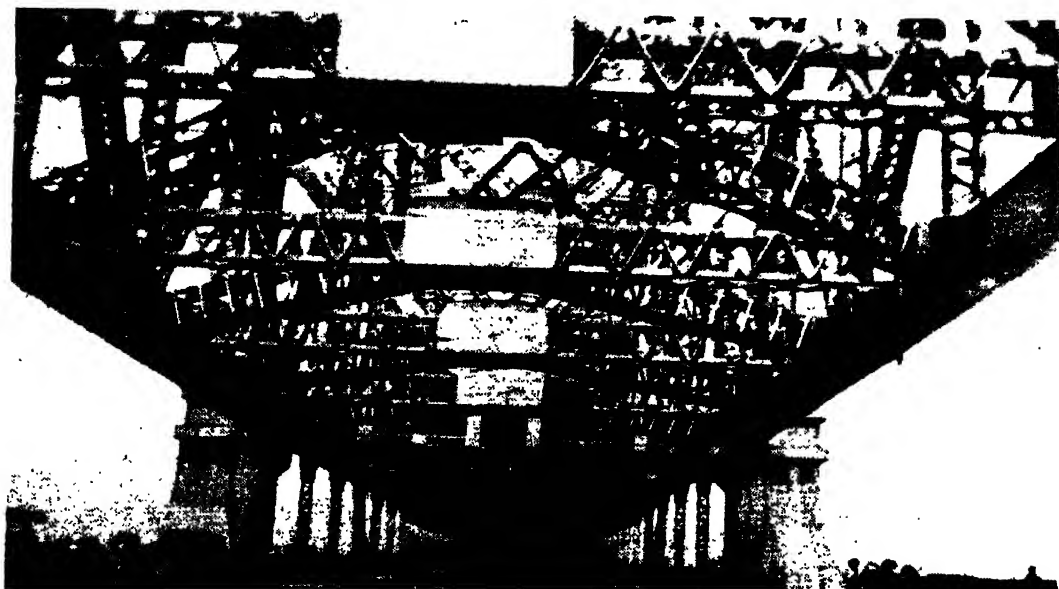
Again the stranger took another quick look at Ved Prakash. This time it was a look of indignation. He started to say something. Then he stopped.

Meanwhile poor Sohan Lal was trying to find out when there would be another train, but he was told there would be none until the next day. He was in a strange place, it was night, and he did not have much money. He mournfully asked, "What shall I do?" and was told that he would have to stay at the station until the next day.

As there was nothing else for him to do, he stayed at the station, but he was very much troubled, and did not rest well. Early in the morning different passengers were walking up and down the platform, also waiting. Presently a fine, honest-looking boy and his father came. As they stood there, the father said, "Ram Swarup, look at that pale, sad old man; I don't believe he is used to travelling. Maybe you can help him." The train came to a stop, and the father said good-bye, and Ram Swarup stepping up to the old gentleman, said, "May I help you?" He took his arm and helped him up the steps and to a seat in the carriage.

"Thank you, my boy. I'm getting old and clumsy and a little

Howrah Bridge.





Jaganath Festival, Puri.

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lift by a young hand helps out wonderfully. Where are you going, if I may ask?"

"To Badgaon, sir. There's a man there who wants an assistant in his business and I need a job. My name is Ram Swarup."

Sohan Lal smiled and said, "Well, Ram Swarup, I hope you will get the job. You deserve it. You are going to the same place I am. I want to find Mr. Bimal Chand. But I've had two mishaps, and I don't know what is coming next."

"I'll show you right where his office is. I've been in Badgaon quite a number of times."

In half an hour the train arrived at Badgaon. The boy walked with the man up the road and presently said, "Right here is Bimal Chand's office."

"Oh, thank you very much. I wonder if you could tell me where Chitambar Das' place of business is?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ram Swarup. "Just around this corner. He is the very gentleman I am going to see."

Sohan Lal was greatly interested, and said, "I hope Chitambar Das will give you the job. If you apply before I get there, you tell Chitambar Das that Sohan Lal is your friend."

They parted and Ram Swarup went on to see Chitambar Das. Soon he was in a line with other young men who were seeking for work. Ved Prakash had gone in just ahead of him, and the boys

were sitting side by side waiting until Chitambar Das was ready to see them. But before he had finished what he was writing, a slow, feeble step was heard, and an old man entered the room.

"Chitambar, don't you remember me?" he said. At the sound of his voice the merchant sprang from his chair, and grasped the old man's hands in both his own.

"Sohan Lal! Welcome, a thousand welcomes, my benefactor!" he exclaimed. As he looked at Sohan Lal, he knew he was in trouble, so led the conversation in such a way as to make it easy for the old man to tell him about it.

"Yes, Chitambar," said the old gentleman, tremblingly. "Dinnal Chand has a mortgage on my house and fields, and I haven't the money to pay him what I borrowed from his father, and he threatens to take my home to pay the debt. I went to his office to talk with him, but he was not there. I thought maybe you would advise me what I should do."

"My dear old friend," said the merchant, "Nearly thirty years ago, when I was hungry and friendless, you took me into your home and fed me. You found work for me; you gave me money to get started in the world. Your sympathy and kindness helped me to become what I am today. Now I am rich, and I want to do something for you in return for all you did for me. I will pay your mortgage today, and you shall have your home free from debt."

The tears were running down the old man's cheeks. "I told them that if ever a dark day came to Bene and me, God would provide, and He has."

All this time the two boys had been sitting in the waiting room, looking for Chitambar Das' attention; they had heard what had been said. You may imagine how Ved Prakash felt. When he saw Sohan Lal in the doorway he was frightened and felt sick, but he thought so much of himself, and believed himself so very clever, that he said to himself, "The old man doesn't have good eyes; he won't know me. I'll get by with it and get the job."

Chitambar Das was still talking to Sohan Lal. They were speaking of things that had happened thirty years before. Then Chitambar Das said, "You must go out to my home now and get some rest. A hundred miles was quite a way for you to come, and you must be tired. Did you have a good, comfortable trip down to Badgaon?"

"Well, I can hardly say that, but I am too happy now to think much about it. A young fellow put me off at the wrong station. He played a trick on me by telling me we had arrived at Badgaon when we hadn't. Because of this I had to stay on the railway station platform all night. But everything is bright now."

"That was a shame! But wait a few minutes until I interview these boys and then we will go home."

Calling the boys, he said, "I suppose you have come because of the advertisement I put in the paper?" The boys both replied that they had. Turning to Ved Prakash, he said, "What is your name?"

"I am Ved Prakash, sir. I think I can suit you. I have brought with me testimonials from the Hon. Prem Dast, Mr. Mudhu Rao, Doctor Seshachula and others," and he held them out to Chitambar Das.

"I do not want to see them," returned the merchant coldly. "I have seen you before, and know as much about your character as I need for the present."

Then he turned to Ram Swarup and asked his name.

"My name is Ram Swarup. I want to earn my own living and help my parents. I have no testimonials, sir."

Sohan Lal stepped forward and said, "Yes, you have." Then he told Chitambar Das how polite and helpful Ram Swarup had been to him.

Chitambar Das fixed his eyes on Ved Prakash and said, "I sat in the carriage with you last night and heard you exulting and wickedly boasting of how you had deceived a distressed old man. Sohan Lal, is this the boy who lied to you last night?"

RAM SWARUP'S TESTIMONIALS

The old gentleman came close to Ved Prakash, and looked at him carefully, "Why, yes, it is, it surely is."

Ved Prakash tried to make some excuse for himself, but the words stuck in his throat. He was too mortified to speak, and in his embarrassment he got away as quickly as he could, taking his testimonials with him.

To Ram Swarup, Chitambar Das said, "I shall be very glad to employ you in my office. You shall have good pay if you do well, and I am sure you will, and you may begin at once. Go to the head clerk in the next room and he will tell you what to do."

Chitambar Das paid to Bimal Chand the one thousand rupees that same day, and thus a big load was lifted from the heart of the old ryot. He remained at Chitambar Das' home for two days, where every possible kindness was shown him. Chitambar Das bought him some new clothes, and Mrs. Sohan Lal was not forgotten either; she received a liberal present of money. Chitambar Das also sent her a letter telling how he appreciated her former kindness to him.

Ved Prakash obtained a good position in Delhi, but his false character and his disregard for the feelings and rights of others made him lose the place. He has changed work many times since for the same reason.

With Ram Swarup it has been different. His kindness to all and his faithfulness made him a very valuable worker. His help was too valuable to lose, and he was more and more trusted with greater responsibilities. He finally became Chitambar Das' partner in the business.



Innocence.

13TH CHAPTER

Training for Purity

“The mind is not a garner to be filled,
But a garden to be tilled.”

IN THAT wonderful allegory *Pilgrim's Progress*, we have been given some very helpful stories. In one instance, as Pilgrim journeyed along a dark valley, he was walking on a very narrow path with a deep ditch on one side and a quagmire on the other. There were snags and pitfalls along the way, and the mouth of hell was close by. The way was strewn with the bodies of pilgrims who had attempted to pass, but failed.

Parents, what would you do if your child had to pass that way alone? Would you be his confidant, his friend? Would you go with him as far as possible? Would you tell him that you had travelled the path, and explain where were hidden the most dangerous pitfalls and how to get by them safely? Or would you just say, “It is a dangerous path, but go ahead, You will make it all right”?

• The human sex life is just such a valley. There are quagmires, pitfalls, and various other dangers, but still many parents allow their sons and daughters to enter it without any instruction or help, expecting them in their ignorance and inexperience to get through it as best they can. The youth start the journey laughing, joking, and giving way to impulse. And how many of them are wrecked on the way!

SHOW THEM THE WAY

Why do parents run such risks, when they could go a long way on this journey with their children? They could teach them the way, and help them to reach the other end of the valley victoriously. All through the rest of their lives sons and daughters are grateful to their parents for this help, and they in turn instruct and help their own children.

Many parents say, "I can't help him; I don't know how." If your son should be wrecked on the way, or your daughter, would you feel satisfied with what you had done?

TEACHING THE FACTS OF LIFE

For beginning this work we know of nothing better than *Love's Way*. This is the story of the way living things come into the world. This book is written by A. W. Spalding, noted authority on child education and training, and is available at the Oriental Watchman Publishing House, Post Box 35, Poona 1. The author of *Love's Way*, takes up seeds and flowers, how they grow and how they are reproduced, then fishes and birds, etc. Thus the origin of life is opened to the understanding of children.

BEGIN WITH TINY TOTS

Every parent should interest his children in the study of nature when they are small. There are many interesting things in nature that the child no more than three or four years of age can understand. Teach them to see and love the flowers, the trees, the birds, yes, all nature. Help them to realize that God gave us these things for our help and enjoyment. Parents should read as widely as possible, not only to get the broad knowledge of the subjects needed, but also to get a good vocabulary with which to clothe the knowledge. The words we use in giving instruction have much to do with the way in which the instruction is received. If we begin when the child is three years of age, the work becomes easy and very natural. We may give very short lessons on the flowers, the birds, and the butter-

flies. And how interested the children will be! There is no need in this part of the instruction to wait for questions any more than you would wait for questions to draw you out to tell the child the colours of the rainbow. When he is likely to want to know about little brothers, it may be well to wait for questions. But many times children get "outside information;" then they will not ask questions of their parents. One writer has said that it is better to give information several years too early than ten minutes too late. If the child has been poisoned by rubbish from the bazaar and servants, give him the right kind of food as an antidote. The work is not so easy then nor so satisfying, but it is still best. It will help him somewhat in his efforts to get rid of the poison. In that case you proceed more rapidly.

AVOID EMBARRASSMENT

As you go forward with the instruction, there should be no embarrassment or tenseness in parent or child. Surround it with a "matter-of-fact everydayness," answering the questions accurately, but give only what is required. There must be no fibbing, no dodging. Most children are shrewd detectors. Don't imagine your child will make you his confidant if you tell him fibs and half-truths. Just satisfy his curiosity. Some people treat children as though curiosity were a wicked manifestation. Curiosity signifies that in the child is a desire to learn. Do not treat him as though he were doing wrong to ask questions. Do not work to arouse curiosity, but rather simply to satisfy it. Don't hurry the process. Normally, it should be a long procedure. He is able to understand more as he develops.

A SACRED SECRET

Some children are secretive, but most of them do a great deal of talking. Some tell everything they know whenever they happen to think of it. Therefore, when the more plain-spoken parts of the story are told, it should be discussed as a secret between mother and child with the understanding that he is not to discuss it with anyone but his parents because it is a sacred matter that people do not discuss with everyone. Make it clear to him that



OUR CHILDREN

Sports
develop
manliness.

.....

when he wants information about anything, he can come to you and get the truth about it.

It is not safe to send children to school without correct information on the subject we have been discussing. Teachers try to keep the children pure, but they cannot know all that may occur in their coming and going or even while actually at the school building. The children's enemy is ever watching to plant vicious weeds where helpful plants should be growing.

THE CRITICAL TEEN-AGE

There is instruction which the parent who really has the best interest of his child at heart will give him as he gets a little older. Much has been said and written concerning the information that should be given the girl, but comparatively little concerning what should be done for the boy. It is important that both should have instruction on how to care for themselves during the critical period between ten years of age and sixteen years

of age. How boys and girls treat themselves during these years has much to do with their physical, mental, and spiritual health for the rest of their lives. They must be prepared to meet the changes that come. Many a girl has ruined her health just because her mother did not explain the why's and wherefore's. Fathers as well as mothers should read and know how to make explanations to their boys, with reasons. It is surprising that many fathers refuse to do anything about this matter.

SEX LOOSENESS WIDESPREAD

Then there is the habit of self-abuse, the contamination of one's own body. Perhaps parents would be more awake if they knew how prevalent this demoralizing practice has become. In a school of four hundred boys only seven had had purity instruction from their parents, and as a result nearly all of the four hundred had fallen into sex evils.

Another writer stated some time ago that nearly all the girls in a certain country were addicted to this sin. It is very prevalent in Asiatic countries and our children should be guarded against this habit from babyhood, for many children form the habit in infancy.

REMOVE POSSIBLE CAUSE

Ill-fitting or irritating clothing is one cause; lack of cleanliness is another. The cause sometimes lies with a wicked ayah or some vicious playmate. Little children should be watched closely. Great pains should be taken that their little hands do not stray to the wrong place. Teach them from babyhood to keep "clean hands."

There is a class of men who say that the practice of masturbation does no special harm. Perhaps to frighten children and their parents, the harm has been exaggerated. But it is an unclean habit because it keeps the mind on that part of the body about which children should not be thinking, and thus tends to make an impure mind. Medical men recognize that self-abuse is injurious. When practised frequently for months and years, it may have serious effects, such as loss of initiative, vigour, and other mental and moral

qualities. This practice brings a degraded look to the face of a child, shambles his gait, and keeps him from looking his friends straight in the face for any length of time. He loses some of his mental alertness and he certainly loses his self-respect.

The following instruction has been given by a famous lecturer on health and temperance: "From their infancy, children should be taught lessons of purity. Mothers cannot begin too early to fill the minds of their children with pure thoughts. And one way of doing this is to keep everything about them clean and pure. Mothers, if you desire your children's thoughts to be pure, let their sleeping rooms be scrupulously neat and clean. Teach them to care for their clothing. Each child should have a place of his own to care for his clothes. Few parents are so poor that they cannot afford to provide for this purpose a large box which may be fitted with shelves and tastefully covered.

"To teach children habits of order will take some time each day; but this time is not lost. In the future, the mother will be more than repaid for her efforts. . . .

"See that the children have a daily bath, followed by friction until their bodies are aglow."

There was once a little slum girl in a large city of Europe. In one of the city's squares was a statue of a Greek girl in pure white marble. The

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Studying the beauties of nature will help our children to have pure thoughts. \



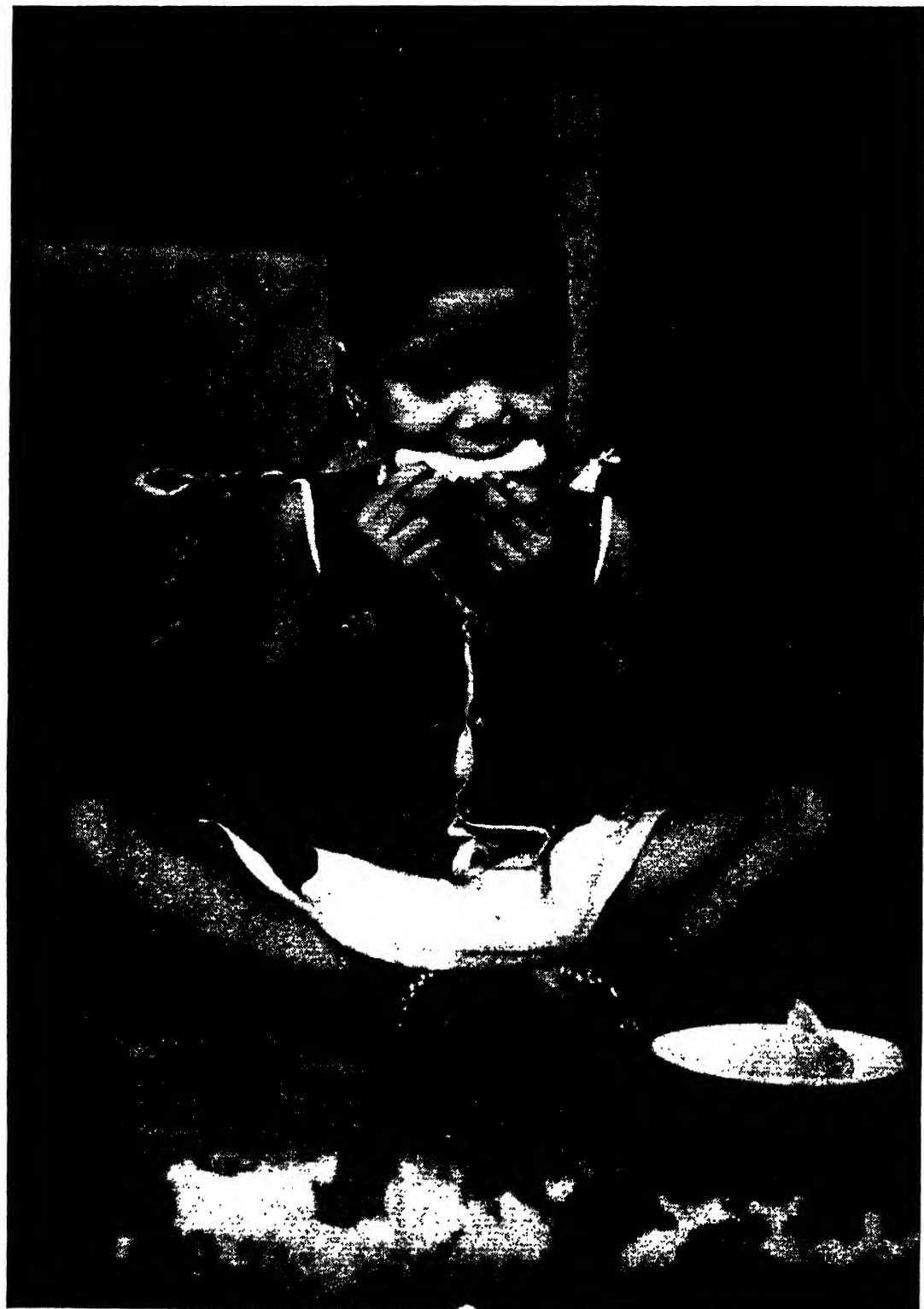
child one day noticed this statue. She was so attracted to it that she stood for hours looking at it. Then she went away to her wretched home. But she could not stay away. The next morning she came back, and it was observed that she had tried to get her face clean. She returned again and again; each time she had made further progress, until finally she looked as immaculate as the statue itself. What a beautiful, silent influence!

DEALING WITH A VICIOUS HABIT

The parents who endeavour to break the vicious habit of self-abuse, should talk with the child about its sinfulness, the injury it may be to him, and the uncleanness of it. But be careful not to shame him into losing all self-respect. Get his co-operation. Insist on the strictest cleanliness. The bowels must be kept clear, which means one or more movements a day. Void the bladder often. Use plain food without condiments. The evening meal should be light. The sleeping room should be as cool as possible and have in it plenty of fresh air. Make sure the child is not troubled with worms, that his clothing fits so as not to irritate him, and that there is enough of it for a covering. Keep his mind and hands occupied with something to do. It is well to be with him until he goes to sleep, and get him up in the morning as soon as he is awake. Teach him how to seek God for grace to overcome.

THIS IS SERIOUS

We would that we might cry out to the world of mothers and fathers, and have it reach their hearts, that they must train their sons and daughters in such a way that they are fit associates for one another. We are told that modesty is rare today. If modesty is rare, purity is rarer, and yet an old manuscript says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Conversely, those who are not pure in heart shall not see God. Can we afford to have our children act in a loose manner toward one another? But is it fair to blame them for mistakes if we do not teach them what is right?



According to psychologists and physicians, the baby is born entirely without knowledge. Then, in some way or other, he has to learn all that he will ever know. Parents are the responsible persons. Of course much is learned from others, and by what he reads, hears, or sees; but it is to the parents that the Creator has committed the responsibility of seeing to it that every child knows the things that he so much needs to know in order to preserve his purity and safeguard his happiness and the happiness of those who love him.

Perhaps parents think that their children and young people will learn by observation and by what other people say. But what do they hear and observe in others? They more often than not see and hear things which are detrimental to their good.

GAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE

Keep the confidence of your children. Here again the mother says, "I can't. He never comes to me with any of his affairs. I don't have his confidence." Then where did you lose it? Do you say, "I didn't lose it"? But you did. To whom did he once cry when he was hungry? To whom did he run when he fell and hurt himself? To whom did he go as a little fellow when he wanted to have his troubles soothed away? To whom did he go with his questions when he wanted to know almost everything? Did you not have his confidence then? The Creator made it that way. That was a part of His great wise plan for mother and child. Where and when did you lose that confidence?

Perhaps one day you did not keep your word to him. You promised him something and failed to keep your promise. Perhaps he told you something and told you not to tell it, and afterward he heard you telling it to a visitor. Your adult mind knew there was nothing in the matter that required secrecy, but it looked different to him. Perhaps just then he said to himself what another boy said aloud to his mother: "As long as I live, I'll never again tell you anything that I do not want all the world to know!" Do you suppose something like that happened to your boy? Or perhaps when your boy was much younger, he fell down and bumped his head. He



Fathers and sons should spend as much time as possible out of doors.

.....

cried more for sympathy than because of real pain, yet you did not pay much attention to him and he kept on fussing about it. That is very common with little boys, and little girls too, and you finally became impatient and said, "Don't be a baby. You aren't hurt very much; I'm busy and can't bother with you now."

HOW CONFIDENCE IS LOST

Here is an incident in the life of a small boy as little as your boy used to be when you first began to lose his confidence. He hurt his finger; it was not serious at all, and he should have learned a lesson of bravery with a patient mother as teacher. She knew the hurt was very trifling, and grew tired of his complaining and crying. Finally she became cross, and said, "Well, what can I do about it?"

The child's answer was, "You might say 'Oh.'"

Many times a caress completely cures the pain. Of course we should do what we can to help him to see that his hurt is not much compared to a serious injury, and that therefore he mustn't make a fuss about it. Tell him a story about some other child who was seriously injured but was brave about it.

Another way of losing the child's confidence is to put him off with a made-up story when he has asked a question for information that you do not want to give. Tell him the truth with willingness and accuracy, and

when he wants more truth he will come back to you. But if you have lost his confidence, he will probably not come to you with the first question, and certainly not with later ones.

THE APPROACH TO MATURITY

As your sons and daughters are growing into manhood and womanhood they still need your help and really intelligent advice. Boys and girls are full of vivacity and overflowing spirits. Many of them are noisy and attract much attention—attention which is unfavourable. Probably on the part of most of them there is no desire to attract attention but they should be taught to conduct themselves quietly and to avoid all appearance of bad conduct.

SOCIAL DISEASES

Warn your children against the social diseases so prevalent in the world. Beware of giving your daughter to a man who has lived a “fast” life. He may be received in the “best society,” but so it is in this world. The world receives into its arms the libertine, but will not allow the names of his unfortunate victims to be spoken in “polite society.” God has only one standard of purity, and that is a clean life for both men and women, boys and girls. God’s standard requires even the thoughts to be clean. An unclean mind soon produces an unclean body. “As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” Then He placed a man and a woman in the beautiful garden He had fitted up for their home. He said, “It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.” God Himself performed the first marriage ceremony and put His blessing on the union. It was His own plan for making His children happy. It gave them homes and someone to love, and provided for the children so dear to every parent.

THE BEAUTY OF PURE MARRIAGE

Practically all young people look forward to marriage, but comparatively few are prepared for it. They do not understand the responsibilities that are theirs when they take that step. Our girls come to the time of marriage. How many parents make sure that the bridegroom is clean and worthy of her?

"Thousands of sweet, innocent girls are yearly sacrificed upon the altar of man's lust, and you must not, as you value your souls, get into this fearful maelstrom of destruction."

When God completed the work of creation, He carefully examined it all, "and behold it was very good." It is only the perversion of what God makes which turns His plans into other than good.

"Avoid as you would pestilence and death the first advance of impurity in the low story; and if you have been unfortunate as to have al-

.....

A happy family group.



ready been introduced to this unclean putting of a holy truth, at once begin to pray and work to get it out of your mind. Seek good books upon purity, books written by earnest social workers who know the truth and how to clothe it, but avoid the bad books that attempt to live under the standard of purity but are impure. You need the most intimate knowledge of yourself, and you will find the teaching in the pure books. Make it the rule of your lives never to listen to a story that has in it a suggestion of wrong."

—*The Daughter's Danger*, pp. 16-20.

C. L. Bond in *Ideals for Juniors*, relates the following story:

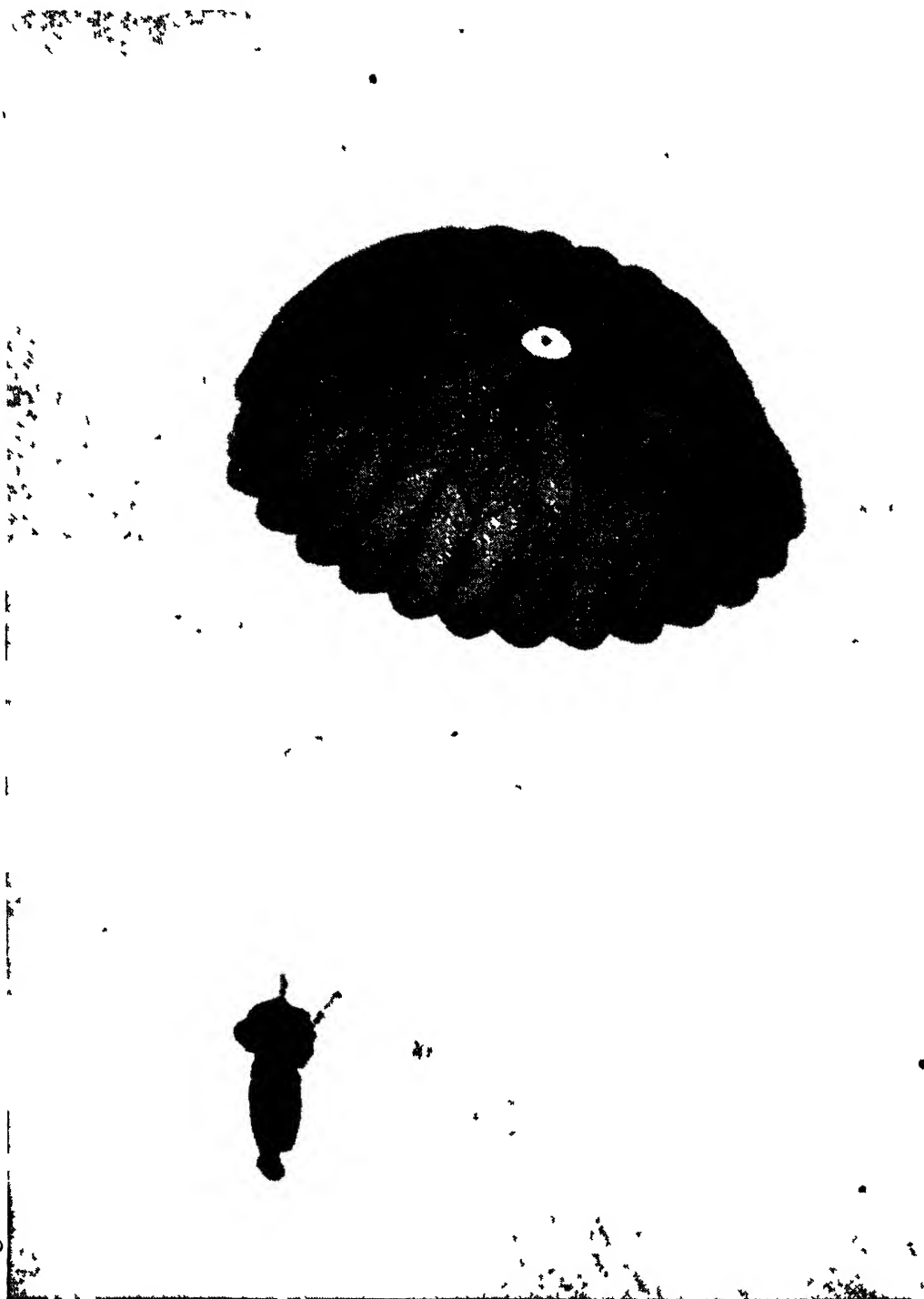
"In one of his campaigns General Grant and his staff of officers were gathered one evening in a country farmhouse, the officers about the fire, and Grant a little to one side with his chin on his breast, sitting in silence. The officers were telling stories. Presently one of them said, 'I have a very good story to tell,' and then to indicate what was coming, he added, 'I think there are no ladies here.' There was an expectant ripple of laughter, in the midst of which General Grant looked up and quietly remarked, 'No, but there are gentlemen present.' The story was not told."

NO DOUBLE STANDARD

It is just as important that a man should be a gentleman as it is that a woman should be a lady, and as necessary that he be "pure in heart" as that she should be.

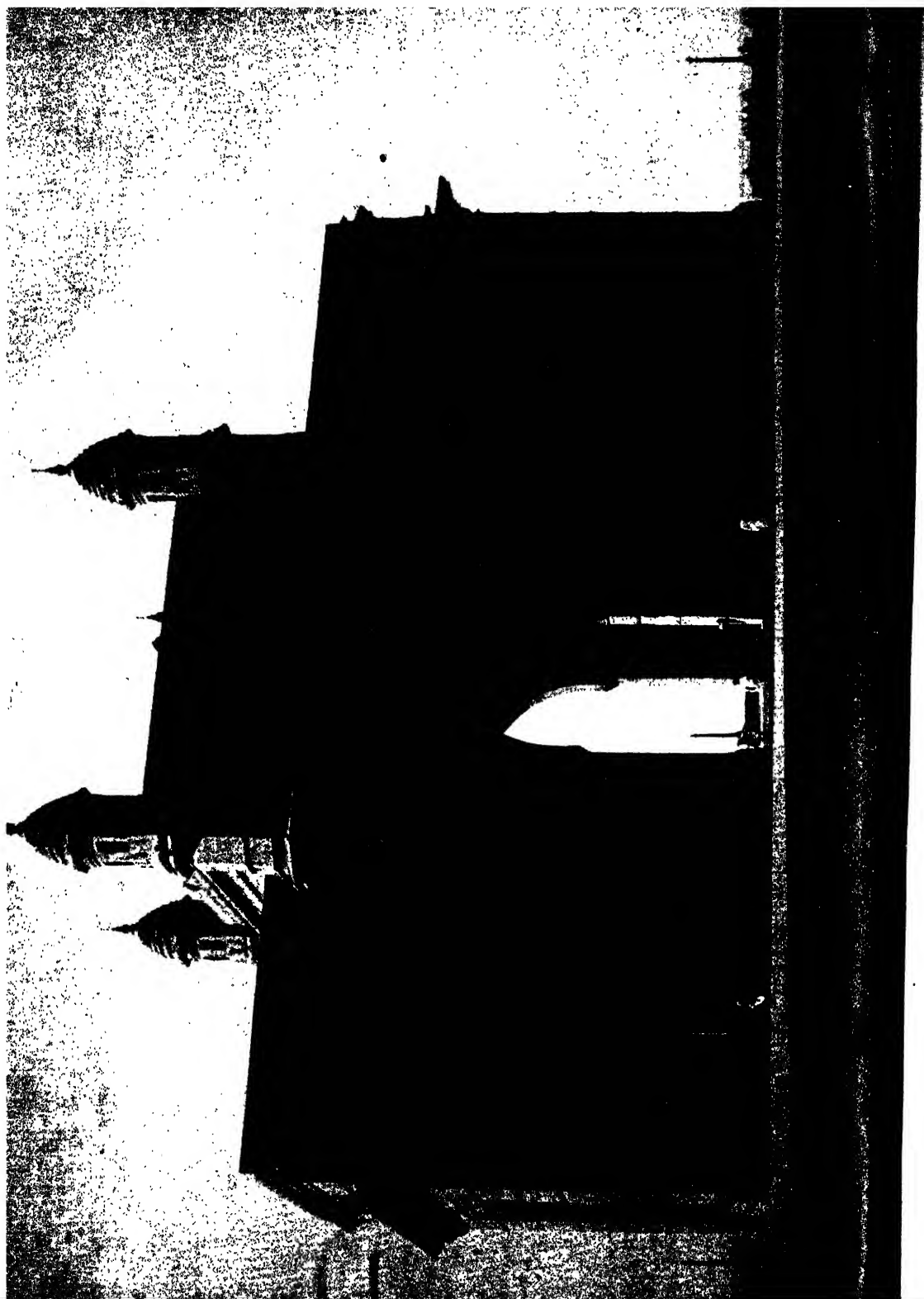
Sometimes parents have struggled with poverty until the whole family are discouraged. They are thoroughly tired of being poor. They have a beautiful daughter, and when a chance comes to give their daughter to a rich man they give her without regard to his character. She gets money, but she is almost sure to fail to get qualities of far greater value. Sometimes there are other hands that control the wealth, and the young people do not have more than others in spite of all their expectations.

Then too, when there has been a too liberal allowance and much idle time on the young man's hands, it is very likely that character building has been largely neglected and the young bride finds happiness and health gone in a little time. We must say to parents, "Beware."



Air-borne woman member of medical team.

Parents need wisdom and understanding hearts. A book of wisdom states, "The inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding," and "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."



14TH CHAPTER

Taking or Stealing

IN THE matter of honesty there are positive lessons that are foundational. There are lessons to teach long before the child even knows what the word *steal* means.

While he is yet small he must learn what is his and what belongs to others. "No, no, that is not yours," after he becomes accustomed to the sound of it, will deter him from meddling with the property of others. If the parent is firm in not permitting him to meddle whenever he is told not to do so, obedience will soon come to be a habit.

As soon as a child is able to understand, he should have things of his own, and his right to them should be respected. His brother may not take them away without his consent, and neither should he take brother's things without *his* consent. "This is brother's." "That is mother's." "This is baby's." These statements often used will soon help the little one to understand.

BABIES DON'T STEAL.

Watch the baby not yet trained. So far as he knows, the world is his with everything in it. Nature seems to say to him, "Get everything you

Plate opposite: The Gateway to India, Bombay.

can." Who would blame him if he acted accordingly? Surely no one would accuse him of stealing. Yet this very tendency unguided and unchecked, may lead to crime.

How does a child know that he is stealing? He must be taught early the difference between "mine" and "thine," both by precept and example. If the child has nothing of his own, how can he know the feeling of loss when his things are taken or destroyed. He must have possessions that are really his. Then he will without doubt have opportunity to get experience when some other child comes along to play with him. While we must teach him unselfishness in his play with other children, still he is not ruthlessly to be deprived of his right to his own things.

THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS

Oftentimes in families there is no consideration by any for the rights of other members of the family. The stronger jerks toys from the hands of the weaker, and articles of clothing are appropriated without the consent of the owner. Each child should have and use his own, but in every family there come times when some member of the family needs to use an article belonging to another. It is best that this very thing should happen, for otherwise there might be a strong tendency toward selfishness. But there is a right way to get the use of something belonging to another, even in the same family.

Will not the child err and show signs of selfishness? Without doubt he will. People never get to the point of using their own judgment correctly without making some errors. But if a child makes mistakes, he must be left to feel the results of them. We all learn by our mistakes. Parents often fail to comprehend that these results provide the very discipline the child needs, and the parents spoil the lesson by making up the loss to the child.

For this as for every other virtue we wish our children to possess, we should lay the foundation by raising up in their minds and hearts ideals that will stand in times of temptation. Honesty and all it involves should be freely discussed in the home in the presence of the children. Children



Meddling.

absorb much in this way, when the parents perhaps have no thought that the children are comprehending or even noticing what is being said.

EARNING DISCOURAGES STEALING

As soon as the child is old enough to earn anything, he will understand better what ownership means, and will value more highly what he has bought for himself than what his friends have given him. He learns that his money will not reach to buy all he wants, and that it takes real effort to earn money. Therefore, he knows better what the loss of his property really means to him, and so better understands the feelings of others.

Some parents, when their children bring home articles for which they

can give no good reason for having in their possession, give little or no reproof, and seem to think the children rather clever for obtaining the things. There is very much in a parent's attitude. If a child takes anything which does not belong to him, he should be required to return it, and the parent must *know* that he really does it. But suppose he has eaten it or destroyed it? Then from his own money he should make good the matter. But suppose he does not have any money of his own? Then he must earn the money by his own hard work. If this course is pursued, the child will not be likely very many times to take what does not belong to him.

RESTITUTION PROMOTES HONESTY

Many children, after being led to see how wrong is their course of action in this matter, will willingly return the stolen article with hearty confession. In other cases the parent must accompany the child, and generally it is best to do so, as it is likely to be a very trying ordeal for him, and his courage may fail him. Furthermore, it is important that in his pity or admiration for the child, the one who is visited should not neutralize the good effect of the discipline by refusing to receive the returned article. If possible, it is best to inform beforehand the one wronged of what the child is to do and ask him to say nothing to the child that will make him feel that it is a light matter.

Temptations should not be put in the way of children. Children sometimes help themselves to money from father's or mother's purse. Sweets and fruits are very attractive to children, and they are many times tempted to help themselves. Money in or out of purses should not be left lying about to tempt anyone, and children should know what the family policy is with reference to foods, sweets, or biscuits. Aside from the question under discussion, the children should not be eating between meals. With that principle firmly fixed, there is not likely to be any pilfering.

BEWARE OF CARELESS REMARKS

Parents very thoughtlessly make remarks that cause children to under-

stand that their parents doubt their ability to resist this sort of temptation. Mother goes into the garden, leaving on the table a basket of fruit newly bought from the bazaar. She says, "Gopal, if you eat any of this, I'll give you a good spanking when I come in." To the normal boy this is a very unfortunate suggestion. Perhaps if it had not been made, he never would have thought of touching the fruit. But under these circumstances, it is rather interesting to eat one, and see how carefully the others can be arranged to cover the diminished number. If mother had thought the fruit would be a temptation to Gopal, she should have put it away where it would not have been noticed by him, and have said nothing.

DETERRENT FOR FRUIT THEFTS

Boys often find the near-by orchard a great temptation. If a boy could only have a fruit tree of his own, and learn how much work it is to prepare the ground, plant the seed, and keep the garden cultivated, and could watch the first tiny shoots grow into trees which finally blossom and fruit—really experience the heart thrill of being a co-worker with nature in producing the luscious fruits—he would thereafter feel no temptation to meddle with the garden belonging to another. If a garden is impossible or impractical, perhaps a single tree is possible.

WE ARE TO WATCH

Watching does not mean spying and nagging, but looking to see that

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Scene in the Persian Gulf.





This fruit looks temp'ing!

Ewing Galloway

the heart and mind are prepared to battle courageously with the temptations that are sure to come, and then watching to help the child to conquer the temptation when it does come. Build right ideals early. They do not come by chance. See that you live up to every agreement both with the child and with others. "Actions speak louder than words."

CALL STEALING BY ITS RIGHT NAME

There are still other kinds of stealing. Stealing! What an ill-sounding word! It sounds so bad that some parents do not even teach its meaning. One day when someone "rounded-up" a young thief and asked him if he didn't know that what he was doing was stealing, he looked in blank astonishment at his questioner as though he did not know what that meant, and he was not a very small child either. Some parents modify the bad-sounding name by speaking of the deed as "taking things." But what is "taking things"? That sounds better, but in unvarnished language it is stealing, and every child should be taught to know what this word means, at an early age and then he may be told some interesting story to make the lesson very real.

Mr. Murugesan wants a house built. Several contractors have been bidding for the job. Mr. Murugesan has stipulated that he wants and expects nothing but first-class material to be used, and the contractors have put in their bids with that understanding. Mr. Pillai's bid has been accepted, and soon he is at work on the house. Mr. Pillai thinks the whole proposition through and says to himself, "My bid was really too low; I don't think I can afford to put the best of material everywhere, especially where it will be covered. Mr. Murugesan won't know the difference, and anyway, it will all last as long as he lives. By putting in some less expensive material, I can make a little more money on the job." Is Mr. Pillai taking anything that does not belong to him? He agreed to put in the best material for the price named in his bid. Is he stealing?

STEALING TIME

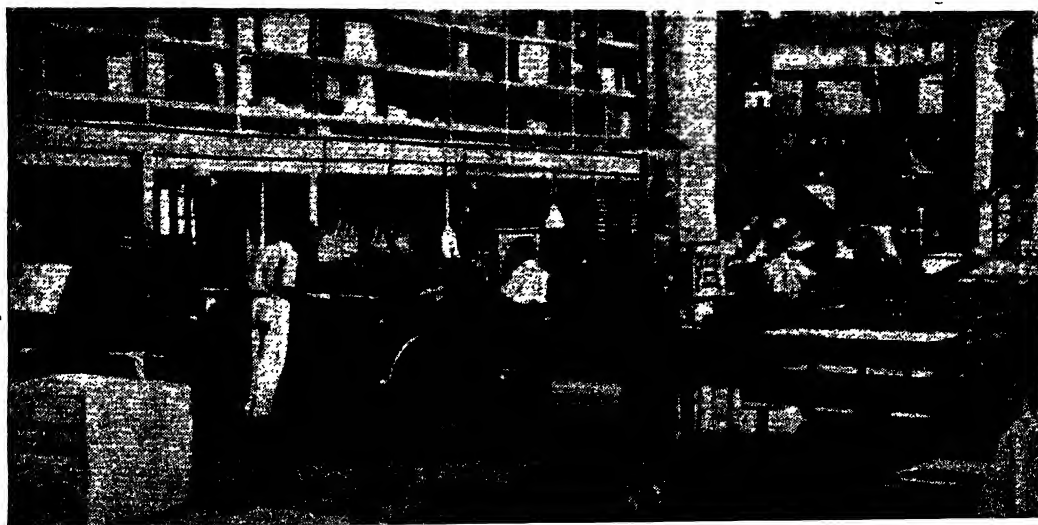
•Lakshman, Mr. Pillai's son, works in Mr. Ramalingam's office as a
O. C. F.—16

stenographer. Also in the office there is a general office man who does the book-keeping. Of necessity Mr. Ramalingam must be out of the office sometimes for hours at a time. It is easy for Lakshman and the book-keeper to spend plenty of time discussing their own affairs. Lakshman receives one hundred rupees a month for a forty-hour week. He works six days a week, with a shortened Saturday afternoon. On the average, he spends an hour a day in idleness, in reading for his own entertainment, in talking, and in leaving before closing time. One hour a day for a week amounts to six hours in which he does no work for his employer. At twelve annas an hour that amounts to Rs. 4-8-0 a week which he accepts as though it belongs to him. The book-keeper also accepts full pay for forty hours. At the end of the year Lakshman has received Rs. 234 for which he did not work; and it has not occurred to him that he is taking anything that does not belong to him. He has not been taught the full meaning of honesty, and his father surely would suffer some embarrassment if he should attempt to instruct him.

DESTROYING PROPERTY

Then there is the matter of breaking or otherwise ruining other people's property. Perhaps the most common way that children ruin things belonging to people outside their own families is breaking windows, and breaking off limbs from trees, but sometimes it is books spoiled by wrong

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Let us work honestly during the hours for which we are paid.



use. Sometimes it is by losing the book or other article that the child has chosen to carry out-of-doors.

What is to be done? If no one else does anything about it, the owner must spend his money to repair the damage. Something has been taken from him that did not belong to the other person, and surely the person at fault should by his own efforts make good the loss. His parents should not do it for him. He will not learn the wrong of it if his parents bear the punishment. Let the blame rest where it belongs for the boy's own sake. When he has made good on it, he will know more about the value of a rupee, a very important lesson to learn.



A Story

Bhanu's Choice

BHANU and Sukuman were friends—friends in trouble. Sukuman had lost his work and was without an anna in the world and Bhanu felt he earned more pay than he received for his job, and as it was nearing the end of the month funds were low.

The two friends walked along the pathway leading to a small park where a game of football was being carried on. Suddenly Sukuman kicked a stone so fiercely that Bhanu jumped and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I'm fed up," grumbled Sukuman. "Why do some people have all the money and fun and some poor chaps nothing at all? I can tell you Bhanu, how we can even things up a bit." He lowered his voice, "Promise you'll keep it quiet?" Bhanu looked interested at the thought of finding a plan which would solve the problem between capital and labour.

"I'll keep it quiet," he agreed.

"Well," said Sukuman. "I have something here which might make us rich." He patted his pocket and then pulled out something Bhanu had never seen before.

"Look," said Sukuman, "it's Mr. Venkataswamy's cheque

book. He took my work away from me but I managed to get something from him."

Bhanu looked puzzled and disappointed. "How will that help?" he complained.

"Oh," said Sukuman mysteriously, "I seem to remember that you are rather clever at drawing things." He pulled out another paper from his other pocket, "Look at this signature. Do you think you could copy it?"

Bhanu looked at Sukuman's testimonials from Mr. Venkataswamy and there at the bottom was his signature.

"Why, I think I could," he remarked, "Just let me practise a bit. But how will that help?"

"Practise that my son," said Sukuman wisely, "and Papa will teach you the next steps."

At that instant they came upon the boys who had just finished their game of football and the whole group began a merry chatter about this and that. As the evening drew on the boys separated to go to their homes and Sukuman whispered to Bhanu that he would meet him at the same time the next day.

At the appointed time they met and Bhanu proudly produced his duplicate signature for inspection.

"Hmmm," said Sukuman thoughtfully, "that's pretty good. Come now, just sign on this cheque. We are rich now, Bhanu—you can give up your job. We'll go to the bank tomorrow morning and draw Rs. 300. Look, write that name just here."

Now Bhanu was younger than Sukuman and though his parents were slack and careless as were Sukuman's he had been taught some of the principles of honesty by a good teacher at school and he began to feel just a little bit quaky and uneasy in front of his strong-minded friend.

"Oh, I don't dare do that," he said, "We'd get caught."

"Of course we won't. Don't be so wishy-washy," chided Sukuman. "We won't be caught; I promise you. We'll go to Madras and I'll buy you all the things you've been wanting for

Is he wondering
what the future
holds for him?

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a long time—anything
y o u like!” Sukuman
shrugged his shoulders,
“We’ll have the time of
our lives.”

B h a n u struggled
with himself but the
balance on the side of
dishonesty weighed a
little too heavily and he
gave in.

The cheque carefully signed Sukuman gave him instructions
about the morrow. They would go to the bank in the morning and
catch the afternoon train to Madras.

Bhanu did not sleep too well that night. He felt rather bad
about slipping his work the next day, but his parents as usual were
only interested in their own affairs and took no notice when he told
them he was going to stay the night with Sukuman.

Seated in the bank the next day Bhanu’s hands trembled, but
the bold self-assurance of Sukuman and the somewhat sleepy eyes
of the clerk who took the cheque in and brought the money back
made him feel brighter.

“At last,” breathed Sukuman when they were both seated in
the train and the money was bulging from his trouser pocket. “We’ll
share fifty-fifty. Now for a good time!”





The Bund, Srinagar.

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They went the rounds of picture houses, eating houses, clothing shops, and decided to stay the night in the best hotel in town. The next morning when it was time to board the train for home neither of the boys in his inmost heart felt that the life of a quick-rich man was all fun. Bhanu definitely had indigestion from over-eating on rich food he wasn't used to and Sukuman somehow didn't have the grand feeling he thought he would have after such a "good time." Both boys sat in the train—the wad of notes had all been spent and the things they had acquired with them were not much use at the present because they had to be kept hidden for some time. Sukuman realized that the future might be rather precarious, and sensing the spirit of depression descending upon them both, decided to allay it by making bigger plans.

"Cheer up, Bhanu," he said. "We'll do a better job of this next time. "We'll aim higher and go off for a holiday to Kashmir—just you and me."

"How?" asked Bhanu, rather weakly, as he was beginning to lose faith in Sukuman's ideas.

"We will just take more money from the bank. You tell your folks we both have work in Madras and we will leave for Kashmir tomorrow evening."

"I don't think we ought to take any more of Mr. Venkataswamy's money," answered Bhanu. "We'll land in trouble. Besides it isn't really right."

"Oh, no, we won't land in trouble," replied Sukuman, very cocksure of himself. "Anyway we are only taking what belongs to us. Why should Mr. Venkataswamy have so much money? It isn't fair. All men should be equal—and they soon would be if I had anything to do with politics."

Bhanu wavered once more and gave in, smothering any pricks of conscience with the seeming wisdom of Sukuman's last statement.

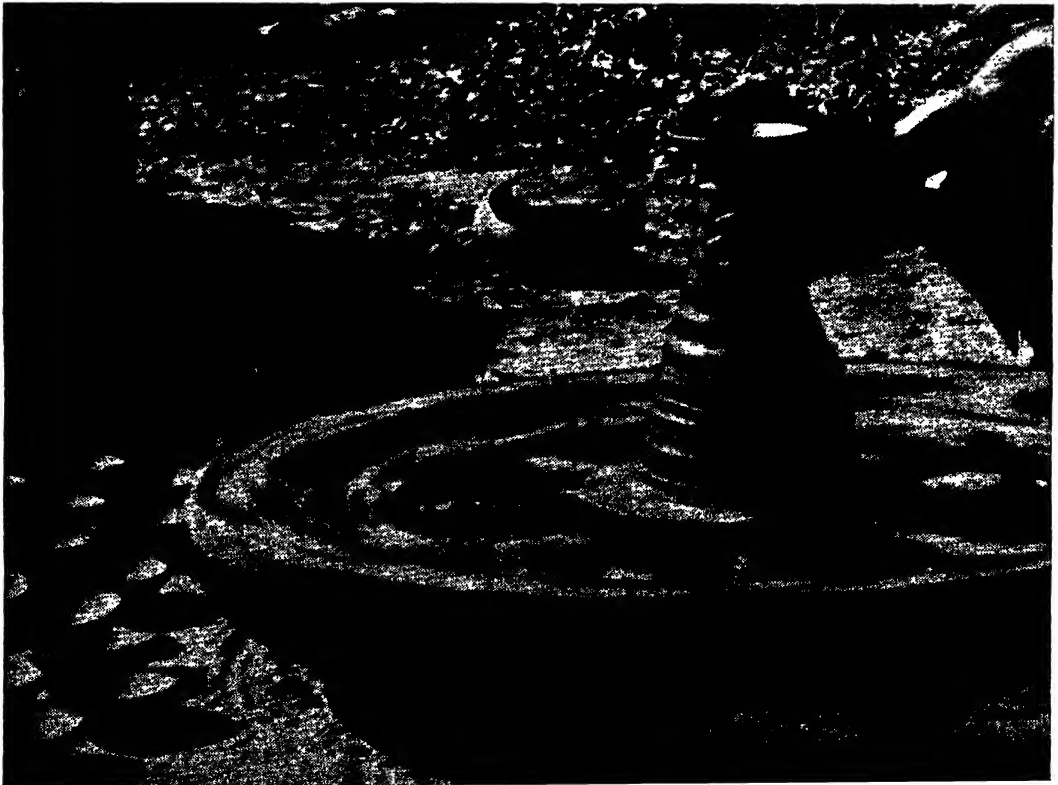
The curious questions and looks of the neighbours when the two boys arrived home made both culprits feel they had better make themselves scarce. On the way to the bank the second time they accidentally bumped into Mr. Venkataswamy. Without apologizing they scurried away as fast as they could wondering if he had mislaid the cheque book from his desk. Evidently he hadn't for he continued to go from the bank to his car which was parked outside.

Inside the bank the boys produced the cheque, this time made out for Rs. 2,000. The clerk somehow didn't look sleepy this time and it seemed that he stared at them rather queerly and had a small grin on his face. Or was that just his imagination? Sukuman blinked and looked the other way. It seemed that they had to wait an awfully long time—would the man never bring the money? Ah, the door was opening and Bhanu began to breathe freely. Not the clerk alone, but four people—the clerk, the manager, and two others. "Now, boys," said the "two others" who to the boys it

their nervous dazed condition looked as though they might be in uniform, "Put out your hands!" Before Sukuman and Bhanu could think what had happened they were both handcuffed, marched outside to a waiting police van and driven away to the police station. As the boys were pushed unceremoniously into separate cells many things occurred to them both. Bhanu looked out through the bars and some of the things he had learnt from his teacher in school flashed before his mind. "Honesty is the best policy," "Be sure your sins will find you out," "What is done in secret will be shouted from the housetops," seemed to stare him in the face in big letters. He buried his head in his hands and cried bitterly that he had allowed an evil companion to persuade him into bringing disgrace and shame to himself and his family. He understood now to the full the truth that stolen fruits may taste sweet at first but that the bitterness and gall to follow makes them poisonous to all that is desirable and good in this life.

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As the potter moulds the vessel so parents can mould the character of their children.



YES, the way of the thief and law breaker is hard—not only is it hard for the man who breaks the law in a big way and gets caught and punished, but it is a proved fact that undiscovered sins and thefts bring their own punishment—punishment from which it is impossible to escape though a man has all the riches on earth. We sow good seed—we reap a good harvest; we steal—and a harvest of moral degeneration is the outcome.

Money honestly acquired can be a source of pleasure and good to the owner and to the poor around him, but money dishonestly acquired may give material benefits which have no lasting value, but a man's moral nature will be destroyed by them.

Parents, teachers, and children would do well to remember the old proverb, "How much better it is to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver!"

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